

# SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

AUGUST 22, 1960

*America's National Sports Weekly*

25 CENTS

**GIRL  
GOLF  
STAR**

Amateur Champion  
Barbara McIntire





# Liberté, égalité and the sports coat fraternity

(ACRILAN\* AND THE EVOLUTION OF THE ODD JACKET FROM ECCENTRIC TO ACCEPTANCE)

## The era of the squire

For your information, the sports coat was not always called the sports coat. It was called the odd jacket. And it was seen mainly in the county seat, far removed from the centers of commerce. In those tweedier times, the odd jacket with its leather-patched elbows symbolized acres of property (and money). Wear one to town? Not if you valued your standing in the Club.

## The era of the sport

But here's a happier age: for now every man with a potted geranium is a country gentleman. And a sportsman. As a sign of his rank, he wears his sports coat to board meetings, expense account lunches, afternoon weddings, the Club and wherever else his travels take him. The true measure is not whether he owns a sports coat, but how many. (The etymology of "odd jacket" to "sports coat" is lost to us. But it is reasonable to assume that most men of substance prefer to be known as "sporty" than as "odd.") Clever, sports coated manufacturers (among them Palm Beach,\* whose label you see at right) have not been blind to this need. The result is a smashing array of sports coats, wearable to all but the most high-toned gatherings.

## Two kinds of problems:

### the ones we solve...

This is where we enter the picture. (See picture of big red "A," last column.) We make Acrilan acrylic fiber—a fiber which is to be found in some of the best sports coats around. For example, those shown here. They're made by Palm Beach in an excellent fabric of 50% Acrilan acrylic fiber, 50% wool. These sports coats are a somewhat more autumnal version (you can wear them nine months of the year) of a lighter coat that achieved singular success this spring. They solve many problems. They're easily cared for, wrinkle resistant, keep their shape and all that. And our Acrilan imparts a "hand" that makes the sports coat look terribly expensive. Considering all these virtues, their price of \$35.00\* seems to us eminently fair. These Resortweave® sports coats by Palm Beach come in short, regular and long sizes in checks, plaids, stripes and a wide range of solid colors including burnished and pheasant tones.

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## and the ones you solve...

This astonishing variety of sports coats is not without its problems. Today's sport must choose among countless colors. Furthermore, there is the question of patterns: conventional plaid or over-plaid? Check or stripe? Or (as a conservative offering) a solid? And, as if that were not enough, will you have the conventional shoulder or the natural (Ivy) kind? Standard pocket or hacking pocket? These complicated decisions must be yours and yours alone.

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## Coda

As a footnote to all this, our man in London visited a Jermyn Street tailor and asked (in what he thought proper British form) to see an odd jacket. "You mean, of course, a sports coat," was the reply. "Our selection is quite complete. And we should also be honored to show you our accompanying odd trousers." Has the burden been shifted? Should the jacket match the pants or the pants the jacket? Perhaps we shall discuss that next.

**A**  
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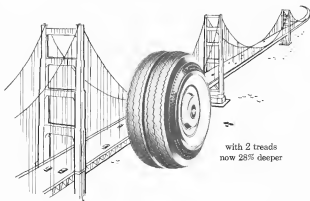
Golf: Sir James U.S. Open, British Open, P.B.A. and Walter Hagen's "The Golfers' Trophy" for the P.B.A. Second Championship.

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## Next week

From Rome comes a report on how matters stand on the eve of the Olympics—and from Bern an account of the U.S. track team's performance in a warmup meet in Switzerland.

Who was—or is—Jack Doyle? Prizefighter, wrestler, Irish tenor and betting man, he is one of the funnest characters you—or Patrick Campbell, who writes of him—even not.

A classic mountaineering adventure, brilliantly illustrated in color pictures: the trials and triumph of the Swiss conquerors of Dhaulagiri, the Himalayas' dread "peak of storms."





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## MEMO from the publisher

THE CHARACTERISTICS of his family of readers are of uncommon interest to a publisher. Against the background of the U.S. population as a whole, the readers of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* are an uncommon American family, as you may have gathered when I began telling you about them last week. On the theory that you may enjoy a further glimpse of your image in our statistical mirror, here are some more pertinent details.

If everybody in the country were as travel-minded as you, airline stewardesses would have greeted eight passengers last year for every one that actually stepped aboard. It would have taken more than two Detroiters to make the new cars you bought; and two Akrons to replace the tires you wore out. Even six times the number of ships afloat could not have handled the ocean travel demands you would have made upon them. Passport photographers would have done a land office business, seven times greater than they did.

If everyone were you, in our Boston, Hartford and Omaha, wherever

life insurance is sold, the problem of investing your money would be twice as tough—or at least the money to invest would be twice as much. The problem of a doctor shortage would go away entirely; instead of the 250,000 practicing now, there would be 2,750,000. And the problem of when to let the kids watch TV would be in living color, because the color sets in private homes would multiply by 11.

It's hard to see how the stock market could go anywhere but up. Instead of 8 million shareowners there would be 34 million.

Manufacturers would have to increase production of dishwashers 5 times, room air conditioners 2 times, garbage disposal units 3½ times, clothes driers 2½ times.

For you, as the head of your *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* household, it is clearly a world of plenty and a future full of promise. If you take a last look in the mirror, you'll see that you're dressed in the newest of your eight suits—and you look fine. And by the way, one of you will be the next President of the United States.



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■ **STOPS CHAFING ON THE SPOT** ■

# SCORECARD

Events and Discoveries of the Week

## PEPLESS CHARGES

There was no room for doubt in Weikko Ruuska's mind—pep pills had enabled some girls at last week's Olympic swimming trials to set records "30 seconds faster than their best previous times." The stimulants had been found in the locker room, he said, and the AAU was investigating. Since Ruuska is a swimming coach of some renown (his Berkeley, Calif. team won the 1959 national championship), his accusation reverberated throughout sports.

The unnamed but obvious target of the charges was Olympic Swimming Coach George Haines, whose own Santa Clara Swim Club girls had set most of the records. "Ruuska needs to go to a doctor," Haines replied impulsively. "He's being ridiculously jealous." The times at the trials, Haines said, were the result of hard, rigorous training.

At the end of the week, the AAU revealed its findings. The single, lonesome pill found in Detroit had been analyzed and found pepless—a harmless vitamin pill prescribed for an iron deficiency. One of the pill's users: Ruuska's daughter Sylvia, who qualified at the trials for her second Olympic team.

## PURITY AND LIGHT

Pacific College is a small (95 students), respected (founded in 1903) theological (Free Methodist) school near Los Angeles, but it wanted a football team anyway. So last year the Pacific Panthers—minus free-spiriting alumni, high-pressure recruiters and weak academic courses—took to the gridiron. The first practice session was held after school hours—at night—by the glow of automobile headlights. (Not much light was needed; only six candidates showed up.) And although the Panthers eventually suited up 34 men, only 14 were players; the rest were on the bench to impress the opposition. But camaraderie ran high (a father and son played side by side on the line), and the Panthers ended the season with an honorable record of three wins, two losses.

This year, in the words of Coach Jim Brownfield, Pacific College has "a fantastic schedule" that lists Imperial Valley College, Bismarck (N.D.) College, California Western, China Lake Missile Center, Azusa College, Southern California College, California at Riverside and Fox College of Oregon. And how does Brownfield think Pacific College will fare?

Well, he says, prospects range from not playing the games at all (if he fails to find enough players) to winning as many as seven of the eight. "Our game against California Western is a dead loss, though," Brownfield admits. "After all, Cal Western beat Pomona and Occidental last year, and how many schools can claim that?"

Win, lose or cancel, we take our helmets off to the Pacific Panthers. They make us yearn for those archaic days when college football was a game.

## DOING PRETTY WELL

"It's no great fun to melt away," said Amos Alonso Stagg, celebrating his 98th birthday this week. But who's melting? A football coach for 56 years, Stagg still mows his own lawn at his home in Stockton, Calif., tends a small fruit orchard, handles his own correspondence. And he will serve again this fall as an advisory coach at Stockton Junior College. "I plan to attend a few games, too," he said, "although I go home at intermission."

Of all those who marvel at Stagg's resourcefulness at 98, Stagg is perhaps the most amazed. "Just look at me," he says with delight. "I've never seen anyone as old as I am, you know. When I get up in the morning I look in the mirror. And I say to myself: 'Amos, you son of a gun, you're doing pretty well.'"

## COMPARISON SHOPPING

The crowd at the 40th annual Saratoga Yearling Sales last week was not large, but it was worthy. It included du Ponts, Vanderbilts, Woodwards, Mellons, Galbreaths, Englehardts, Humphreys, Ryans and Paysons. The combined wealth of those present was estimated at \$2 billion. In three hours they bought 34 horses for \$972,200 (top price: Mrs. John W. Galbreath's \$65,000 for a bay colt by Turn-To), a world record one-night for Yearling Sales.

## NONCOLLEGE TRY

Not all the athletes on the U.S. Olympic team are carefree collegians. Dick Moran and Arnie Demus, the West Roxbury, Mass. men who will represent the U.S. in tandem canoe racing, are, respectively, a \$100-a-week welder and a \$140-a-week crane operator.

## THE UNLUCKY ONE

In the 1956 Olympics, running a close second in the 400-meter hurdles, South Africa's Gert Potgieter tripped (right). He finished last. In 1957, playing Rugby, Potgieter broke his neck. He almost died. But in 1958, Potgieter set a world record for the 440-yard hurdles, and this year was a favorite for the Rome Olympics. Then, last week, he went driving with some Olympic teammates. The automobile crashed. Gert Potgieter, badly hurt, was out of the running again.





They have been working out daily on Boston's Charles River since last fall. "When the ice was in," says Demas, "we'd go down and chop a hole in it."

Last month, instead of vacationing, they used the time to step up their practice sessions, build their endurance still further. As a result, they have won four weeks in Rome, but on leave of absence from their jobs—without pay. Neither can really afford it. Moran, 27, has a wife and three children; Demas, 23, has a wife, a baby and payments to make on a new house. "I think I've got enough saved," says Moran, "but my wife's talking about going to work."

Both men clearly feel the chance to compete in the Olympics is worth the noncollege try. For Moran, at least, 1960 offers the last chance for a gold medal. "I'll be too old in another four years," he admits. "Besides, my wife would crown me."

#### THE TRUTH REVEALED (CONT.)

Some secrets of baseball gamesmanship (the art of winning without actually cheating) were disclosed recently by Cleveland General Manager Frank Lane (SI, July 25). Now Bill Veeck, president of the White Sox and a man not to be outgamed by Lane, continues the confessional:

"When I was at Cleveland in 1948," Veeck says, "we had four different steps in preparing the infield to our advantage. We kept third base well-watered because Ken Keltner was having trouble with his legs and liked the ground soft. We kept the grass in front of the shortstop long because Lou Boudreau was a little slow. We kept the grass short in front of second because Joe Gordon still had his snap. We'd build the mound up high for Bob Feller, then bring it down for somebody else."

The outfield came in for attention, too, says Veeck. "Before a rule was passed to stop such things, we'd move the fence in or out before each series, depending on what sort of long-ball hitters the incoming club had. It worked wonders."

But most wondrous were Veeck's hot and cold baseballs. "When I was running the Milwaukee Brewers in the American Association," he recalls, "the bat boy used to soak the balls and freeze them. He'd give those to the umpire—and they were real clink-

ers—when the other team was at bat. When we came up the bat boy would supply balls he had heated. You could knock the living daylight out of the hot ones. Unfortunately, we got caught finally. They passed another rule, and that was that."

#### GETTING IT OVER WITH

"It would be a big relief," said Jesse Owens last month, "if someone would get busy and break the record and get it over with." The record Owens referred to was his 25-year-old world broad-jump mark of 26 feet 8½ inches. And the young man who last week got it over with is Ralph Boston, a tall, lean biochemistry major at Tennessee State University. Boston got it well over with—he jumped 26 feet 11¼ inches, three inches better than Jesse.

Tennessee State is an institution far better known for its women's track team (eight girls on the U.S. Olympic squad) than the men's group. "I guess you could say the men are overshadowed," Boston admitted last week. "But we do have a 9.4 sprinter named John Moon." He neglected to mention the rest of the Tennessee State team, which is named Ralph Boston.

#### CASEY OF CHARACTERS

Sammy Baugh, asked how he would compare himself with that other great quarterback Johnny Unitas, replied: "Can't do that. I never saw me." . . . A Boston photographer, noting the presence of Representative Walter Judd at Fenway Park, asked Red Sox players Russ Nixon and Ike Delock to pose with the Republican key-note. "I'm a Democrat," said Nixon. "See you later." . . . Houston Grandmother Fay Harkey, 76, recently enrolled for free bowling and swimming lessons, proved a star pupil at both. Now she'd like to learn golf, but as she wistfully observes: "Nobody gives away golf clubs." . . . Himalaya-bound in quest of an Abominable Snowman, Sir Edmund Hillary reassured prospective Yee-lovers: "If we find one, we shall examine it. But then we'll let it go to carry on as usual." . . . Scoop of the week from your Hollywood Reporter Jimmy Fyddler: "Because of the unrest in Africa, the next Tarzan picture will be made in the British West Indies . . . beep-beep-be-beep-beep."

## FACES IN THE CROWD



**LYN CUNNINGHAM**, 15, whose famed father Bingie skippered Ca-Joslow in 1958's successful America's Cup defense, explains: "Pewee" (Conn.) Yacht Club crew that posted three firsts, a second and a third, won Long Island Sound girls' sailing championships.



**JAMES ARENDOR** of U.S. parachute team leaped from 2,090 meters, delayed opening of chute for 30 seconds while performing series of complex figures, amassed 448.5-point total to win style jump event in world championships at Sofia, Bulgaria.



**NANCY RICHEY**, 17, of San Angelo, Texas upset Veteran Darlene Hard in early round of Eastern Games Court Tennis Championships at South Orange, N.J., lost in final 6-1, 6-3 to Karen Hunter, 17, of San Diego in the competition's first two-against-one title match.



**BILL TINDALL**, 17, of Seattle overcame blistered feet and a field of 128 to capture the National Junior Amateur Golf Championship at Millers Country Club in Kansas City, defeated Laurie Hammer of Sarasota, Fla. 2 and 1 in the 18-hole final.



**ESTA MCKEE** of Royal Center, Ind., tied with Ann Lindquist of Morgantown, W. Va., at end of regular play in the National Horseshoe Tournament at Maric, Ind., tossed 38 rangers in 58 tries in deciding playoff game to win women's championship.



**ARTHUR COOK**, U.S. Air Force reserve captain from Adelphi, Md., who won 1948 national mail-bag rifle championship and a gold medal in the London Olympics, scored 6,370 out of possible 6,400 points to take second national title at Camp Perry, Ohio.

### FISHY POLL

Children used to chant, "Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief, doctor, lawyer, Indian chief," but nowadays picking a job is more complicated. Motivational research boys run around trying to analyze occupational yearnings.

Recently, The Center for Research in Marketing, of Peekskill, N.Y., showed a thousand men illustrations of six males in dress suitable to their professions: a jet pilot wore a flying suit, mask and helmet; a doctor in white examined an X-ray picture; a laborer held a welding torch; a businessman hugged a bulky brief case; a gentleman in tails and top hat carried a cane and puffed nonchalantly on a cigarette; and a sportsman in sports shirt and jacket leaned on a fishing pole.

The researchers asked each of their thousand guinea pigs which man he would like to be. To their astonishment—but not to ours—by far the greatest number wanted to be the man with the fishing pole. (Practically nobody wanted to be the laborer.) Many said they did not want to be the socialite because it was such hard work. The businessman and the doctor were in a dead heat for second, and the jet pilot finished fifth, such work being considered too dangerous.

What were those thousand citizens doing when they were not daydreaming? Were any of those who did not want to go fishing actually fishing for a living? And when a socialite was cornered did he say wistfully, "I've always wanted to be a welder"? We don't know, and The Center for Research in Marketing isn't saying.

But William Capitan, president of the Peekskill polling outfit, has tried to explain the fisherman's attraction: "There is a very great appeal to the idea of a carefree existence symbolized by the sportsman." One of his more sociological spokesmen has put it this way: "Men who no longer bring home the bacon but a paycheck instead are looking for more direct methods of asserting masculinity."

To which we say: Carefree masculinity has ways

of expressing itself and the sporting life needs no apology. Millions of men and women, often wiser than the people who analyze them, find sport important, and they work hard at it. Take ex-President Herbert Hoover, for example. On his 86th birthday last week, Mr. Hoover said that he works 10 hours a day, seven days a week and keeps eight secretaries busy. To break this rigorous schedule, Mr. Hoover occasionally goes dry fly fishing for brook trout or bonefishing along the Florida flats. "This," he said, "is the most satisfactory phase of my life."

Mr. Hoover wasn't kidding. His present energy and past accomplishments should reassure the men who chose the fishing pole. They can go fishing without guilt.

### OFF AGAIN, ON AGAIN CHAMBERLAIN

When Wilt Chamberlain quit basketball last March 24, he made remarks about race prejudice and his previous condition of servitude (better than \$60,000 a year). When he signed a contract to return to the Philadelphia Warriors on August 10, he said he was doing it for the good of his fellow Negroes. He did not mention money, but Eddie Gottlieb, Warriors' owner, did. He refused to say how much Wilt the Stilt was going to get under his new three-year contract but he made it clear that Wilt would be the highest-paid team player in sports. Chamberlain said: "The decision . . . was made to assure everyone that I won't . . . remake decisions at the end of each season."

We are glad to hear it, and we hope that now Wilt will go back to playing basketball as superbly as he has in the past and stop playing Hamlet. When, like Sarah Bernhardt, he said farewell in March only to return in August, the 7-foot-1 star claimed he was pushed around by opponents and referees because he is a Negro. There was no substantiation of these charges, which impugned reputable men, and it now appears that they were either inflated or baseless—a view given support by Wilt's decision to sign up for three years (and more money). We feel that any opponent or referee who discriminates against a Negro player dishonors sport. But we also feel that a Negro who makes exaggerated claims of prejudice does a disservice to his own people.

# COMING EVENTS

August 18 to August 25

All times are E.D.T.

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## Friday, August 19

- **BASEBALL**  
San Francisco at Chicago (Mutual) \*
- **BOATING**  
Havertham Trophy race, sailboats, hydro, 1000, One Lino Aug. 20 and Aug. 21.
- **HARNESS RACING**  
Burdette of the Beardslee post, \$50,000, Wilmot, Del.
- **HORSE RACING**  
Saratoga Stakes, \$15,000 added, Saratoga, N.Y.
- **MOTOR SPORTS**  
SCCA Buckeye sail rally, Leona, Mass (through Aug. 21).
- **SHOOTING**  
Grand American Trapshoot, Vandalia, Ohio (through Aug. 27).

## Saturday, August 20

- **BASEBALL**  
Chicago at Kansas City (ABC) \*  
Cleveland at Detroit (Mutual) \*  
Los Angeles at St. Louis (NBC) \*  
Pittsburgh at Cincinnati (CBS) \*
- **BOATING**  
San Diego-Hermosa predicted log race, San Diego, Calif.
- **HARNESS RACING**  
International Trot, \$50,000, Westbury, N.Y.
- **HORSE RACING**  
Arlington Stakes, \$50,000 added, Washington Park at Arlington Park, Ill.  
The Travers, \$15,000 added, Saratoga, N.Y.
- **MOTOR SPORTS**  
SCCA Kentucky Derby Festival sail meet, Louisville (also Aug. 21).  
USAC Big Car Champs, Springfield, Ill.

## Sunday, August 21

- **BASEBALL**  
Los Angeles at St. Louis (NBC) \*  
Pittsburgh at Cincinnati (CBS) \*  
San Francisco at Chicago (Mutual) \*
- **MOTOR SPORTS**  
Natl. Speed Week, Bonneville Salt Flats, Utah (through Aug. 27).
- **TENNIS**  
USLTA Doubles Champs, Chestnut Hill, Mass. (through Aug. 28).

## Monday, August 22

- **BASEBALL**  
Cincinnati at Chicago (Mutual) \*
- **GOLF**  
USGA Women's Amateur Championship, Tulsa (through Aug. 27).
- **HORSE RACING**  
Diana Handicap, \$25,000 added, Saratoga, N.Y.
- **TENNIS**  
USLTA Girls' 18 Champs, Philadelphia (through Aug. 27).

## Tuesday, August 23

- **BASEBALL**  
Little League World Series, Williamsport, Pa. (through Aug. 27 (ABC-TV, Aug. 27) \*  
Pittsburgh at Chicago (Mutual) \*

## Wednesday, August 24

- **BASEBALL**  
Chicago at New York (Mutual) \*
- **BOXING**  
Brown vs. Gensham, fights, 10 rds., Chicago, 10 P.M. (ABC).
- **GOLF**  
JPGA Grossinger's Open, \$7,000, Grossinger, N.Y. (through Aug. 27).
- **HORSE RACING**  
Princess Pal Stakes, \$50,000 added, Washington Park at Arlington Park, Ill.  
The Spunaway, \$50,000 added, Saratoga, N.Y.

## Thursday, August 25

- **BASEBALL**  
Cleveland at Boston (Mutual) \*
- **GOLF**  
Milwaukee Open, \$25,000, Milwaukee (through Aug. 27).
- **THE OLYMPICS**  
Opening ceremonies, Olympic Stadium, Rome.

\*See local listing



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Photograph by A. J. Owen

## THEY FLY THROUGH

by ROY TERRELL

**A**n ex-Navy pilot from Toledo and a beautiful little butterfly-tailed sailplane which he built with his own hands won the 27th annual U.S. National Soaring championships last week at Odessa, Texas. To do it, they defeated the finest group of glider pilots ever assembled in America—

among them A. J. Smith (*above*), shown soaring over Odessa. In seven days of varied types of competition—flying to certain specific goals, flying to a goal and returning, flying a triangular course, flying for distance—Dick Schreder and his HP-8 won five first places, tied for another first and tied for a third. This was about what the 5,000 soaring addicts who live in

scattered parts of the U.S. expected when Schreder, his sailplane and the stored thermals of west Texas all got together at the same time (a thermal is a rising current of air that is, in effect, a sailplane's motor).

Schreder (he pronounces it Skreed-er) is 44 years old, and the HP-8 (the HP is for high performance) is only little more than two, yet they have



# THE AIR

**Thousands of feet above Texas, the finest glider pilots ever assembled in the U. S. fought in silence for seven days for the National Soaring title**

more or less grown up in soaring together. In the early days of World War II, flying a PBM on patrol out of Bermuda, Schreder was credited with the first Nazi sub sunk by an American pilot. He maintained an active interest in aviation after the war, but it wasn't until 1955 that he discovered soaring.

In 1958 he built his HP-8, which

is heavier than most sailplanes, and after only one test flight took it to Bishop, Calif. and won his first national championship. In 1959, at Elmira, N.Y., where soaring conditions are not so favorable as in California or Texas, Schreder finished second to Dick Johnson, a five-time national champion who was flying a much lighter plane. This year, in the Inter-

nationals at Cologne, Germany, the HP-8 was outclassed by a horde of European sailplanes built to fly the light-lift thermals and ridge waves of Europe. All that Schreder accomplished was to come down in East Germany behind the Iron Curtain; for 24 hours he was an international incident.

*continued*



**RELATIVE NEWCOMER** Dick Schreder, soaring since 1955, won five first places.



**BRITISHMAN** Philip Wills landed on Oklahoma farm, had plane nibbled by calves.

"What worried me were the farmers," he says now. "I landed in a potato field and really tore up the potatoes. But eventually I realized that this was a collective farm and they didn't care about the potatoes. They thought I was a spy."

There are no potatoes around Odessa, Texas. There are horned toads and jack rabbits and mesquite trees, rattlesnakes, oil wells and cactus—and those lovely thermals. Odessa, a booming oil town marked by wide, clean streets and friendly people wearing ten-gallon hats, is located about halfway between Fort Worth and El Paso; it is also located at the southern tip of a great fairway of hot wind which sweeps up across the Texas panhandle, through Oklahoma and into Kansas. Along this course, on hot days—and there are few other kinds in west Texas in August—there occurs the constant production of rising bubbles of hot air which become puffy clumps of cumulus clouds upon reaching the condensation point, dotting the blue Texas sky like exploding popcorn.

These thermals furnish lift to the slender, delicate wings of the sailplane, pushing the remarkably tough little craft up to altitudes from which it can glide for miles and miles until it reaches the ground—or finds another thermal. Most topflight competitive sailplanes weigh around 500 pounds; Schreder's weighs 600. The lighter planes have a slight soaring edge under weak lift conditions. But once aloft, the heavier HP-8 goes like a homesick hornet, cruising at about 110 mph (and sometimes hitting 140), compared to the 80- or 90-mile speed of its rivals.

On the first day of the contest, cut loose by the tow plane at 2,000 feet, Schreder found all the hot air he needed to get the HP-8 up high, and, once there, no one could catch him. He completed the 134-mile triangular course at an average speed of 52.6 mph, losing time only when he had to stop and search for another thermal in which to climb, as a motorist on a long trip must occasionally sweat out a gas station.

On the second day, in a competition which involved going out to a goal, returning and then continuing along the line of flight as far as the pilot could go, Schreder went farther

than anyone else, picking his way over 330 miles with that strange sixth sense of thermal-detection which only the best sailplane pilots seem to have. "Anyone," said Beaumont Cooley, the contest director, "can hang around an airport and stay aloft in familiar thermals all day. But to head out across country, you've got to be good. Guys like Schreder are pilots and meteorologists, and they're sort of geniuses, too."

They have to be. They face some odd problems. On that second day, while at an altitude of 11,000 feet, John Ryan of Scottsdale, Ariz. felt something sting him in the seat like a white-hot poker. Frantically scrapping his hand between pants and parachute, he pulled out a murderous-looking Texas stinging scorpion. "How the hell do I know what he was doing up there?" he said when he was back on the ground. "I guess he just wanted a ride."

#### Schreder and Smith

On the third day, when the problem was to reach a specific distant goal and return to Odessa, Schreder was one of only two pilots to make it all the way (A. J. Smith, who is an architect in Tecumseh, Mich., when he isn't soaring, was the other). The distance they covered, 338.5 miles, was a world record for this particular type of task. Charley Yeates, one of two Canadian entries, had to land short of the goal and stepped out of his glider onto the grounds of the state mental hospital at Big Spring. "Telephone around?" he asked the curious gathering. Someone waved toward a building. "May I use the telephone?" Yeates asked the nurse on duty. "Do you have permission?" she asked. "Look, lady," said Yeates, "I don't belong here." The nurse smiled. "Of course not," she said. "None of you do. Now will you go on out and play?"

The fourth and fifth days were speed tests, and again Schreder won. At this point he had the unheard-of total of 5,000 points (an automatic 1,000 for winning each day). But on the sixth day the weather and the truly outstanding field from which he had been fleeing got in their ticks. This was an open distance day, in which each contestant heads out in any direction he chooses and flies as far as he is able. Family, friends and crewmen trail frantically behind in private automobiles, stopping to call

back to contest headquarters from time to time to see if there has been any word. Finally they are told yes, their man is down. And where and when and, sometimes, why.

Some flew north and some flew west. Bill Ivans of San Diego, who set the world altitude record 10 years ago by riding his Schweizer 1-23 sailplane up the famous Sierra wave to a height of 42,100 feet, came down just ahead of a rainstorm somewhere in the vicinity of Rosebud, N. Mex. For two hours he sat in the dripping cockpit. When the rain stopped, he walked four miles through ankle-deep mud to a farmhouse—where the storm had knocked out the telephone. The farmer's Volkswagens carried Ivans to another phoneless farm, and another automobile took him 22 miles farther. There he was finally able to put through a call to Odessa. By then it was 1 a.m.

Schreder and his closest competitors flew toward the northeast, planning to work out ahead of the cold front which had dumped rain across Colorado, Kansas and the upper part of Oklahoma, as well as upon Bill

Ivans in New Mexico. Schreder made it to Lawton, Okla. municipal airport, 293 miles from Odessa, landed and pulled his glider in between two hangars. A few minutes later Smith came across the field at 3,000 feet in his gleaming-white German-built LO-150 and decided to come down, too. "It was almost dark," Smith said later. "The lift was about gone, and I didn't know what landing conditions might be like up ahead. So I dove off my hard-earned 3,000 feet and headed into the final approach. Then, just before I touched down, I saw Schreder's plane. It was too late to look for another thermal then; all I could do was land. That son of a gun. He's pretty slick," Schreder and Smith tied for third place.

#### Philip the calm

The remarkable 52-year-old Britisher, Philip Wills, came down in a field just one mile further on, to finish second. With his glasses and pipe and gangling legs sticking out of a pair of rumpled brown shorts, with the weird, battered old felt hat in

which he flies pulled down low upon his head, Wills greeted the Oklahoma farmer on whose acres he had landed. The farmer helped Wills pull the famous Skylark III into an empty cow lot and invited him inside for a bite to eat while Wills's crew came from their last location, 160 miles away. Refreshed by dinner and a brief nap, Wills strolled outside into the moonlight—and discovered that two large calves had joined Skylark III in the corral, kicked a hole in the rudder and eaten part of the fabric off the left wing.

"A number of interesting things have happened to me in 28 years of flying sailplanes," said Wills calmly. "Once I was blown all the way across the Channel and had to land in France. Another time, during the war, I was asked to demonstrate how German glider troops might invade us, and some bloke took a shot at me. In New Zealand I unexpectedly came upon this tremendous wave and rode it to over 30,000 feet, dressed only in a pair of shorts.

*continued on page 27*



**FAMILY MAN** Schreder works on HP-8 under trained eyes of wife, daughter and teen-age sons. Soaring is trying to live down its old "daredevil" reputation, is rapidly becoming a family pastime. The Soaring Society of America, which includes 60% of the sport's adherents, has doubled its membership in the past two years; it now numbers some 2,000

pilots, another 3,000 nonflying enthusiasts. Sailplanes range in price from \$3,500 to \$5,000, can be purchased ready to fly or in do-it-yourself kits. Soaring lessons are available to members of many of the 110 clubs. A few commercial schools offer courses lasting 10 days to two weeks for \$300 to \$350 which qualify student for an FAA-approved license.

# NOW GERMANY STICKS ITS OAR IN

A new design and new tactics are threatening the U.S.'s Olympic domination for the first time in 40 years

by JOHN LOVESEY

**T**his odd-looking crew below, with its two middle oars swinging from the same side of the boat, appears to be all elbows and arms and obviously no match for the seemingly balanced, smooth-stroking crews that have dominated rowing for years. The oars extend farther out in the water than

is customary, the crewmen have to reach higher to pull the oars, and, as they do so, they jerk up quickly on sliding seats that ride back and forth a good bit farther than those in conventional boats.

The most amazing thing about the crew, however, cannot be seen in this

picture. That is the rate at which it strokes—an incredible 47 to the minute. It almost never drops under 40. Few other crews in the world ever get within two strokes of 40.

An oddity? Certainly—but an oddity that may be adorned by an Olympic medal at Rome. For this



USING ADAM RIGGING, FOURTH AND FIFTH OARS OF KIEL-RATZBURG CREW ARE ON SAME SIDE. OTHERS ALTERNATE IN USUAL WAY



crazy-looking, crazy-stroking crew—a collection of German university students who have raced and won together since 1958—is the finest one ever produced in Germany. Profiting from the mechanical aptitude of a successful tinkerer, it has perfected a revolutionary technique which it fully expects will lead to a win over Navy at Rome and a break in the monopoly the U.S. has held in the Olympic eight-oar event since 1920.

The tinkerer who started the Germans on the way to winning is Karl Adam, a teacher of sports, mathematics and physics in an 800-year-old secondary school at Ratzeburg, a picturesque town settled on a neck of land between two lakes in northwestern Germany. He is co-coach of the combined crew of the Kiel University Students Union (known for short as the ATV Dittmarsia Kiel) and the Ratzeburger Rowing Club. The other coach is Karl Wiepcke, a lecturer in physical education at Kiel. Adam and Wiepcke are both 48 years old and have been friends for 10 years. As Wiepcke explains their working relationship, "Karl is the technician, I am the tactician."

Adam himself never rowed competitively. He was a hammer thrower and shotputter in his younger, more athletic days, and at Paris in 1937 he won the world heavyweight university boxing championship. In 1957, after nine years of coaching the Ratzeburg school crew, he began studying the resistance encountered by oar blades moving through water. He soon tried shortening them and increasing their width. In effect, he pushed the working part of the blade farther out toward its tip. In three years, Adam's blades have become even more extreme, and his latest design perhaps approaches the limit of the new shape (see cut). His Kiel-Ratzeburg crew calls it a "coffee spoon," but in silhouette it is more tulip- than spoon-shaped, spanning over an inch wider at its approximate center than at the tip. The conventional blade is widest at its tip.

The advantage of the design, according to Adam, is that the blade can dig deeper into the water and therefore provide extra power. The blade's edges are also tapered, and this, says Adam, helps the oarsman to lift it out of the water at the end of a stroke.

In many respects, however, Adam's



**TULIP-SHAPED** Karl Adam blade (left) is shorter but wider, even at tip, than conventional blade (right) used in the U.S.

blades are the least remarkable thing about the Kiel-Ratzeburg crew. The oarsmen's high-stroking caused something of a minor sensation last year during the European championship at Mâcon, France. According to the official report of the finals, they took off at 47, steadied out at 41 and led all the way to win easily. But some knowing crew observers claim that they sprinted at an unheard-of 52 at the start.

#### Short and fast

Contrary to the general impression, this high stroke has no real connection with the shape of the blades. It grows out of the fact that the Kiel-Ratzeburg oars are longer outboard than is usual. As a result, the oarsmen have to pull the inboard section of the oar through a smaller arc. The long slide allows them to maintain an upright position that is unsettling to watch but obviously effective. The style does not compress the stomach and permits far easier breathing, but it does require phenomenal amounts

of power in short but sharp bursts.

Most of the crewmen have unusually large biceps, built up to suit the style by year-round weight lifting and, during the long rowing season, daily hour-and-a-half workouts on the water.

For a while Adams and Wiepcke experimented with what is known as the Italian rig. In a normally rigged shell, in which the oars from bow to stern are alternated, right and left, the boat is not truly balanced. This is because the bow-side oarsmen are two feet nearer the bow than the stroke side. To compensate, the Italians put the two, three, six and seven oars on one side, the stroke, four, five and bow on the other. Adam modified the rig, and today his crew rows only with the four and five oars on the same side. The others alternate as before.

#### A remarkable race

As the Olympics draw close, the ATV Dittmarsia Kiel-Ratzeburger RC crew is reaching its peak. At the international rowing regatta in Lucerne early in July, it rowed the fastest time ever recorded by an eight-oar crew over 2,000 meters, an amazing 5 minutes and 47.5 seconds. There was a following wind, but those who saw the performance were still impressed. "Make no mistake about it," said Coach Jumbo Edwards of Oxford, "these Germans are fast."

Strong, too, Edwards might have added. Last month in the West German rowing championships, four members of the Kiel-Ratzeburg crew won both the four-oar events, with and without cox, and two others won the double scull.

The final race was the eight-oar championship, and the crew, not surprisingly, appeared tired. It ran behind a Berlin crew until close to the halfway mark. With 500 meters to go, Düsseldorf challenged. But Kiel-Ratzeburg dug deep into a reservoir of strength, raised the beat back to 44 in the stretch and finished a length ahead.

"I don't know that we would care to do that again," said Wiepcke, and there is little chance that they will have to. Germany wants the Olympic eight-oar gold medal badly. As one girl in the emotion-packed crowd said after the race, "People really wanted them to win. They are our Olympic hope."

END

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## DANNY

by WALTER BINGHAM

**H**EARTS MAY BREAK at the news, especially in St. Louis and Baltimore, but the Pittsburgh Pirates and the New York Yankees are going to win the National and American League pennants. That's official. Or, at any rate, a majority of major league players think so. **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** polled the two leagues: players were asked to select the team, other than their own, of course, which they thought most likely to win in their league. (The same system is used in selecting the All-Star teams.) The results are shown in the accompanying box.

It is not surprising that the players selected the Pirates and Yankees as winners. Both teams were in first place when the poll was taken, the Pirates by as much as four to five games, the Yankees by one or two. It was surprising how many votes the Yankees got, half again as many as the Pirates, despite the modesty of their lead.

It was also interesting that the players showed an almost total indifference to the Baltimore Orioles and St. Louis Cardinals. The Orioles have hung on grimly near the top, one, two or three games back, yet they received only six of the 198 American League votes cast.

The Cardinals have been even more surprising than the Orioles. During the last seven weeks they have been winning steadily and have risen to second place. Nevertheless, only one man, Cal McLish of Cincinnati, picked the Cards to win.

The players who chose the Yankees to win the American League pennant did so for a variety of reasons. Here are some of them.

Ned Garver, Kansas City: "The old

**OPTIMISTIC BANNER** at his back, dapper Manager Danny Murlazgh crosses street.

# VS. CASEY

man over there in New York has been playing McDougald and Berra sparingly. They're not worn out, and they should be at their best when they are needed most."

Jimmy Piersall, Cleveland: "Thanks to Kansas City, the Yankees have too much power. If we don't win I want to see them win. I couldn't stand to watch another World Series like the last one."

Early Wynn of Chicago made the most caustic comment. "They always seem to come up with the guy they need," he said. "They'll get him from Richmond or someplace."

The Chicago White Sox got their strongest support from the Yankees, who, of course, were not allowed to vote for themselves. "Roy Sievers has made them a tougher team," said Elston Howard. Bobby Richardson liked the White Sox pitching and defense through the middle, the same ingredients that made the White Sox successful last year.

The six men who liked Baltimore all agreed that its pitching was the best in the league. Dick Williams of

Kansas City had an added reason for picking Baltimore. "They have the best manager," he said, "the best I ever played under."

In the National League, the Pirates received strong support from the Dodgers, 1959's champions. "They look like we did last season," said Maury Wills. "They have hustle and desire and no real weakness."

Gil Hodges thought the Pirates have a sound team. "And they have the lead," he pointed out. "That's important. They may not continue to be as hot as they have been, but they may not need to be."

Milwaukee threw most of its votes to the Dodgers, probably because the Dodgers have beaten the Braves out of two pennants on the last day of the season, in 1956 and 1959.

"The Dodgers have good pitching every day and a strong bench," said Wes Covington. "They won't beat themselves," said Larry Jackson of St. Louis. He admired the Dodgers' pitching. "They have five pitchers who can throw seeds," he said. "They won on pitching alone last

year, and I think they can do it again."

Don Elston of Chicago summed up the feelings of those who voted for Milwaukee. "They have experienced players who seem to keep right on going," he said.

And as for Mr. Cal McLish of Cincinnati, the only one of the 172 voting National Leaguers to pick St. Louis? "They've got a head of steam," he said. "So far they've been going along unnoticed. I think they're ripe."

Perhaps they are ripe but, according to the majority, it's still going to be Pittsburgh against New York when the World Series starts on October 5. Of course, it just could be that the major leaguers play baseball better than they predict it. But before fans in Baltimore, St. Louis, Chicago, Los Angeles or Milwaukee get drunk with optimism, a sober reminder: last year when the Braves and Giants were fighting for first place and the Dodgers were a close third, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** asked the five other teams in the National League to pick the eventual pennant winner. Their choice: Los Angeles. **END**

**Pittsburgh and New York will meet in the World Series, according to the vote of the major league players. As for Baltimore, St. Louis and other contenders—a nice try and wait till next year**

## MAJOR LEAGUE PLAYERS PENNANT PREDICTION POLL

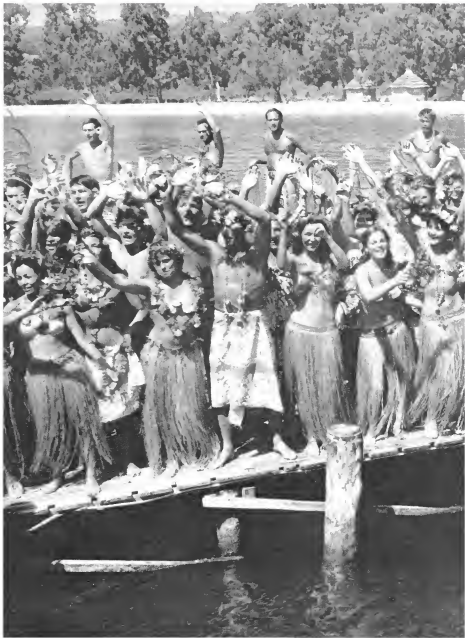
(players not allowed to vote for own team)

### NATIONAL LEAGUE

	PIRATES	DODGERS	BRAVES	CARDS
PITTSBURGH	—	10	11	0
LOS ANGELES	17	—	1	0
MILWAUKEE	7	13	—	0
ST. LOUIS	16	6	1	—
SAN FRANCISCO	11	6	3	0
CINCINNATI	11	5	9	1
PHILADELPHIA	16	4	4	0
CHICAGO	2	6	10	0
TOTALS	60	52	39	1

### AMERICAN LEAGUE

	YANKES	WHITE SOX	ORIOLES
NEW YORK	—	19	3
CHICAGO	21	—	1
BALTIMORE	21	2	—
CLEVELAND	20	5	0
WASHINGTON	13	12	0
DETROIT	14	10	1
BOSTON	13	12	0
KANSAS CITY	17	6	1
TOTALS	119	68	6





## A Big Aloha from Corfu

These grass-skirted welcomeers are not Hawaiians or Tahitians but carefree Europeans and Americans who are living it up, South Seas style, on the Greek island of Corfu. They sleep in straw huts, sip free wine, eat Parisian meals and slip into bikinis to fish, bathe and sunbathe

(following pages). All belong to the Club Méditerranée, a French organization that decided it would be cheaper to bring the South Seas to its members than to send its members there (Paris-Tahiti, round trip, \$1,895; Paris-Corfu, round trip, plus two all-expense weeks, \$110).

*Photo plus by Brian Serd*



**LANDING A GROUPEE**, two vacationers prove good spearfishermen while on overnight bivouac to island. Longer cruises, called Odysseys, last up to two weeks.



**SINGING A SONG**, another group sets out Veljo Bontrac on way to bivouac far from Corfu's daily classical concert.



**FIGHTING A BATTLE** to celebrate Bastille Day, French club members wear crepe-paper helmets in mock storming of prison.



**SLEEPING ON DECK** of cabque, members return to Corfu after bivouac to mainland. Most spent day swimming, sunbathing on beach.



FEEDING A DONKEY amuses lurchers on beach. Bivouac meals are simple: a salad tossed in red wine and oil, steak, fresh fish.







LOVELY HULA HANDS are everywhere at Corfu. *Les girls* catch the sun aboard a canque, play pétanque, a French version of bowls (right), and, inasmuch as the main washing facilities are mixed, even watch a man shave (left). Says one male: "Unless the eyes are disciplined, shaving becomes impossible." Although 70% of the club's 100,000 members are French, membership is open to anyone for a small fee. At present, the club runs 10 vacation "villages" in the Mediterranean, and each boasts a sick bay, a laundry, a post office and a distinct lack of flies. The bar is the only place where one needs to pay, and there beads are used instead of money—a handy tropical arrangement for people who seldom have their pockets with them.



## TWO DOWN AND ONE TO GO

**Barbara McIntire, one of golf's prettiest swingers,  
next week tries for a record third championship**

**by ALFRED WRIGHT**

**B**ARBARA MCINTIRE (see cover) is a 25-year-old native of Toledo, recently transplanted to Lake Park, Fla. What distinguishes her rather remarkably from other pretty girls from Toledo or Lake Park or any other place in the country is her golf, which she plays with such expert command that she is only the fifth woman in history to hold the U.S. and British Amateur championships at the same time. The others were Dorothy Campbell in 1909 and 1911, Pamela Barton in 1936, Babe Didrikson Zaharise in 1947 and Louise Suggs in 1948. This week at the Tulsa Country Club in Tulsa, Barbara will attempt something that none of the previous four has succeeded in doing—to re-



pest her American championship while still holding the British.

To the rather small and devoted group who follow ladies' amateur golf, it is not exactly a surprise that Barbara has made such a distinguished mark for herself. Ever since she was 13 years old she has been a tournament golfer—not just a junior golfer but one who competed against the best of all ages. In fact, at 13 she won the ladies' championship at the Heather Downs Country Club in Toledo, where her mother and father both played weekend golf, and then went on to win the consolation round of the Toledo district championships.

Barbara's home pro, Harry Moffitt, was so impressed with his prodigy

that one winter morning he awakened Barbara's mother at 6 a.m. and asked if he and his wife could take Barbara to Florida with them. This called for a quick decision, for the Moffitts were going to set out in their car at 9. Mr. and Mrs. Robert McIntire hastily decided it would be a good idea, packed up Barbara and sent her along. That winter Barbara entered the Helen Lee Doherty Tournament at Palm Beach, an event that annually attracts some of the best amateurs in the country. She qualified for the first flight, and though beaten in the first round, went on to win the consolation.

In the summer of that year, when Barbara had reached the ripe old age of 14, she went off to Onwentsia, a course near Chicago, and tied Marlene Bauer, then the ranking member among the younger golf set, for medalist in the women's Western Junior. A year later, then aged 15, Barbara played in her first National Amateur championship. She met Mrs. Glenna Collett Vare, who had won the title an unprecedented six times between 1922 and 1935. "I was so scared I hit a blooper off the first tee," Barbara now recalls with amusement. However, she went on to win the match 3 and 1 from her impressive opponent, one of the best competitors in the history of women's golf even in her later years. Barbara hasn't missed the National Amateur since.

Barbara got her early start in championship golf in a way that most golfing parents will find easy to understand. During the war years, when she was only 9, the McIntires decided to take up golf again after a lengthy layoff. They joined Heather Downs, but on weekends, when they could do most of their playing, they found it was next to impossible to find a baby sitter. So they took Barbara along, and in due course they cut down an old wooden-shafted putter for her to play around with as she traipsed after them.

Like so many other young beginners, Barbara rapidly developed a real talent for golf, and it was only a brief step from the cut-down putter to a primitive set of other cut-down clubs. But Barbara, her parents were not long in discovering, was going to advance faster than the ordinary

good golfer. By the time she was 11, she was getting lessons from Moffitt. At 13 she had shot an 85. A year later she was consistently under 80.

For the last 12 years Barbara's whole life has been built around her golf—and, almost inevitably, since she is an only child, her family. Until 1957 Bob McIntire, a friendly, husky, bespectacled man, with an attractive kind of shyness that may have developed from being the only male in the household, ran a furniture and appliance store in Toledo. He sold out that year and moved the family to Lake Park, a small village on the main highway running north out of West Palm Beach. Bob's own father had preceded him to Florida, so the two of them teamed up on a development of modern homes and lots in Juno Beach called Ocean View Ridge, about a three-iron shot from the Seminole Golf Club.

Ocean View Ridge is pretty well built up now, and McIntire is starting another new business—manufacturing industrial magnets for a subsidiary of General Electric. He can use the money to help keep Barbara in amateur golf. The strict laws on amateurism set and enforced by the USGA leave no room for borderline cases between amateurism and professionalism. Barbara has to pay every penny of her expenses in the 10 or 11 tournaments a year in which she competes. These amount to at least \$3,000, and in amateur golf—unlike tennis—there is no such thing as free equipment in exchange for thinly disguised endorsements.

Marie McIntire, Barbara's mother, a youthful, dark-haired lady, was Barbara's chaperon at all her out-of-town tournament engagements until Barbara was old enough to get around on her own, and even then Barbara frequently wanted her mother to take the trips as a companion. Mrs. McIntire can tell you almost as much as Barbara can about her daughter's golf, but she is no stage mother in the ordinary sense, ticking off her exploits endlessly. Now and then she tends to forget something vital, as the time recently when someone asked Barbara the lowest score she ever had on a round of golf. Barbara thought it was a 67 she shot at Heather Downs when she was about 18 years old and asked her mother for confirmation: "Mom, when was it

continued

CURTIS CUP GALLERY follows Barbara McIntire's graceful drive in 1960 match.

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I had that 67 at Heather Downs?" Mrs. McIntire didn't even remember the round.

Since moving to Florida, Barbara has played most of her golf at the Tequesta Golf Club, one of the dozens of new residential golfing developments that are now mushrooming throughout Florida and other resort centers. Barbara plays a great deal with the men at Tequesta, for obviously there isn't enough female competition there to keep her game sharp. She likes to play Tequesta, a somewhat shortish course, from the men's tees, and since she is not a particularly long hitter it is quite a job for her to keep up with the better players in the club. Her average score from the men's tees is around 75. "A lot of the men I play with I don't beat," Barbara said recently. "I have to play awfully well to beat them."

If you were to see Barbara playing at Tequesta and didn't know who she was, it is doubtful that you would pick her out as a noted lady athlete. Although she is only 5 feet 6 inches tall, Barbara appears to be taller than that, possibly because of her long, graceful legs. Whenever weather permits she wears neatly tailored shorts, and the general effect of Barbara and her immaculate appearance is that of a girl who has never played a full 18 holes in her life. Her dark brown hair, precisely coiffured in what is known as a wind-blown bob, looks as brushed and combed on the golf course as it does at a dance. The long nails at the end of her long and narrow hands are lacquered in a pale red shade, and she uses her hands often in gentle gestures to emphasize her conversation.

Once she is on her way down the golf course in a tournament, however, a different Barbara McIntire emerges. She strides purposefully along, her shoulders hunched forward, in a gait that is familiar to baseball fans who have watched Andy Carey, the Kansas City third baseman. Usually she carries a cigarette in her hand and plays rapt in a deep concentration. "Over in England," Barbara says, "the other girls used to claim they could tell where I'd been on the course by the trail of cigarette butts. Actually I don't smoke a lot, although I usually have a cigarette burning out of habit.

Maybe I only take one or two puffs out of it before I throw it away. It's just one of those things that helps ease the tension."

For Barbara the two toughest things about tournament golf are holding her concentration throughout an entire match and relaxing in between times. Unlike Anne Quast, for instance, who plays the piano to take her mind off tomorrow, Barbara has no particular hobby. "Someone once asked me what my hobby was," Barbara recalls, "and I probably said reading, so now I'm supposed to be



**FIRST INSTRUCTOR.** Toledo Pro Harry Moffitt, who started Barbara off in early tournaments, adjusts his student's grip.

a great reader. It's true I do like to read, although I don't read all the latest novels that may win the Pulitzer Prize or anything like that. Mostly though, I just like to sit around and talk to people. I don't seem to have the patience for bridge, and anyway I don't know whether I could ever be very good at it, since I don't take instruction very well."

Barbara is not much more sanguine about her golf game. "I don't do anything real well," she says, "I'm not a long hitter, and I'm not a particularly outstanding iron player. I used to be pretty good out of the sand with my wedge, but now I don't seem to be able to do that very well either. My chipping is the most improved thing about my golf in the

*continued*



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## ONE TO GO continued

last three years. Because I'm not particularly big or strong, I have a much longer backswing than most people do, so that when I bring the club all the way back on my long shots it drops below the horizontal. I will say this: I've putted very well in the tournaments I've won."

One of Barbara's early faults as a golfer was a tendency to feel sorry for an opponent whom she was beating badly. Barbara's father recalls that in a junior tournament during her younger days she once had an opponent badly beaten and then felt so sorry for the girl that she relaxed her game to the point where she lost all the remaining holes and the match.

Barbara almost suffered a repetition of this incident at Royal St. David's in Wales during the final match against Philomena Garvey for "the British," as she always calls it. Eight up with only nine holes to play, she proceeded to drop five of the next six holes and suddenly found herself standing dormy with only three holes to go. However, on the 34th green Miss Garvey three-putted, and Barbara became the new British champion. In this instance, Barbara is quick to explain, she hadn't folded up out of sympathy. During Philomena's hot streak Barbara shot 2 over par. The only trouble

## THE CUP THAT



was that Philomena was dropping putts from all over the landscape for birdies. The point—and Barbara would be the last to make it—is that she refused to panic.

Some might think that Barbara's training methods are a bit on the hap-hazard side, but they seem to work for her. For one thing, she is rather casual about practicing when she is home, although she often prepares furiously a few days before an important tournament. "It's awfully hot around here to stand out on the practice tee and hit shot after shot. Also, if you're playing O.K., you might just as well get out there and play. You don't want to leave your good shots on the practice tee, and you don't want to start fiddling with your swing if it is working well."

When she goes out to play, Barbara almost always rides around the course in a cart. She insists, however, that she has no special conditioning formula for getting her legs into shape for the grind of big tournaments. On her recent trip to Europe for the Curtis Cup matches and the British Amateur Championship, Barbara had to play 14 rounds of competitive golf in 17 days, and yet she says she had no trouble with her legs. "The main advantage in using a cart," says Barbara, "is that it makes it possible to play 36 holes a day without getting

*continued*

## SELDOM TRAVELS

This year, after Barbara McIntire won the British Amateur cup, which she holds here, she was not permitted to take it out of England. Barbara will say only that this is the custom, but in 1955, when Wiff Smith of St. Clair, Mich. won the trophy, she did manage to get it back to the U.S. An American general flew in from Rome, picked up the cup and flew it home for her. After a year a British airline executive appeared at her door and with a friend carried the cup off in the back seat of his car. It has been rumored since that the cup was damaged. If it was, Miss Smith knows nothing about it. She received a letter from the Ladies' Golf Union saying that it had arrived safely in England. Barbara made no effort to get the trophy home. She returned it promptly to its owners and has not seen it since.



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Although the TRIUMPH TR-3 has probably won more awards in competition than any other car you can buy, today you will see more TR-3s taking people to and from their jobs (as above) and performing all kinds of other everyday tasks, than you will see in rallies and road races.

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In short, the TR-3 is great for any kind of driving. See for yourself at your Triumph dealer. (He's in the Yellow Pages.)

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#### ONE TO GO continued

overtired. And down here in this Florida climate, it isn't easy to walk 36 holes with the sun beating down on you."

When she isn't playing golf Barbara leads the casual life that seems to go with Florida. She likes to lie on the beach, which is only a couple of miles from the McIntire house, and she helps her mother with the household chores and watches television.

Several days a week she works at her father's real estate office, answering the telephone when he is out and typing his letters and occasionally showing real estate and houses to customers. "I was there maybe two days a week all last year," she said the other day, eying her father. "I was pretty faithful about it, wasn't I, Dad?" Bob McIntire nodded, but not too emphatically.

#### A helpful swim

So far there seems to be no great romance in the life of this very pretty girl. There are those who say she has leanings toward Ernie Boros, younger brother of Julius, who is the pro at Pinehurst. Barbara spent the winter of 1956-57 there, working as a receptionist at the hotel. She is noncommittal on the subject of young Boros, conceding only that he helped her considerably with her golf.

Barbara's best friend is Judy Bell, a Wichita, Kans. girl who is another of the top amateur golfers. During tournaments and on excursions such as the recent tour of Britain, Barbara and Judy pal around together, and after the British Amateur in June they went on a motor trip through Europe with Judy's parents.

When they wound up in Paris, Barbara absent-mindedly left her purse containing her passport and all her travelers' checks in a taxicab. She spent the last three days of her Paris visit waiting in the offices of minor French and U.S. functionaries until the taxi driver finally turned the purse in to the police. It was typical of Barbara's modesty and diffidence about her standing in the world of sport that she suffered all the anxieties of this experience without once going to an important American official and saying: "Look, I'm Barbara McIntire, the American and British Amateur golf champion, and I need some help."

END





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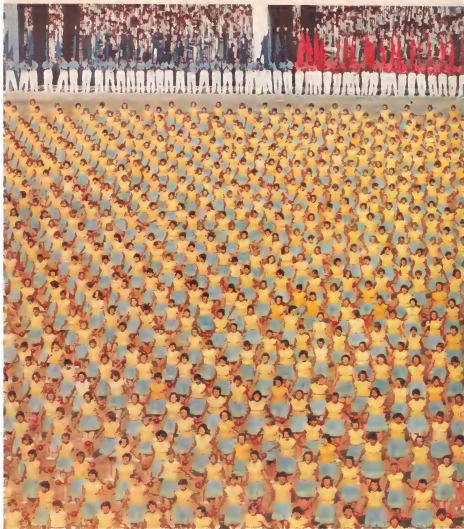


SPECTACLE

## PANOPLY IN PRAGUE

*Photographed by Brian Seed*

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triumphant slogan "Socialism has won in our country," 707,656 gymnasts performed for eight days in the athletic festival commemorating the liberation of Czechoslovakia from the Nazis.



**T**urning gravely under Maypoles, children solemnize the virtue of "honest work," while (right) students throng toward the stadium for a rehearsal. On the following pages a vast serpent of 13,980 agricultural and industrial apprentices exalt the peaceful uses of atomic power.









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Left, NEN VENTURA, wearing the Jantzen golf sweater, shortly before winning the Crosby tournament on the Monterey peninsula. FRANK GIFFORD in the charcoal knit, WARREN MILLER in a bulky Triple Crown sweater, BOB PALMER in an argyle shirt. All photos by TOM KELLEY.





PROPERTY MAN YATKEMAN (CENTER) IS BLUR OF ACTIVITY AS CARDINALS START TO DRESS FOR GETAWAY FROM ST. LOUIS

*Photographs by Art Shog*

## THE CLUB GOES WEST

by GERALD HOLLAND

**A report from behind the scenes as a big league team takes to the road**

**I**N these travel-happy times, it sometimes seems that almost everybody is just back from Hong Kong, wearing a bargain in a hand-tailored suit. Getting around to far-away places has become a commonplace, and it may turn out that the sought-after man at dinner parties will be the man who has never been anywhere. But, for all of this, there is one form of travel that remains unique and is available to very few—and that's a road trip with a big league ball club.

There is nothing in the world quite like it. Thanks to an institution known as The Traveling Secretary, this kind of travel is completely care-free. There are no ticket or reservation problems; luggage turned over to a bellboy in one town miraculously turns up in the hotel lobby at the next stop. Sixty-seat airplanes are provided for parties of only 40. Each day begins with enormous room-service breakfasts. In the evenings everybody orders the thickest steak on the

menu. The monotony of it all is broken by evenings out (for nonplaying personnel) at the places offering the best floor shows. The atmosphere at all other times is that of youth and health and horseplay, all adding up to a gracious kind of living very high on the hog.

Over the years I have made many a trip with many a ball club. But I had always been preoccupied with what was happening on the playing field. A few weeks ago I took a swing around the western circuit with the St. Louis Cardinals, this time to observe more particularly the backstage mechanics of getting a club in and out of town and to note whatever else might happen off field along the way.

Following Traveling Secretary Leo Ward's mimeographed instruction sheet, I brought my bag to the Cardinal clubhouse before the first game of the July 4th home double-header with the Los Angeles Dodgers. Butch Yatkeman, the property man, said

*continued*

he would not start his final packing of equipment until the seventh inning of the second game and that it wouldn't be too much of a rush because the Cards would be starting out with fresh road uniforms. The jump from Chicago to San Francisco would be a little more frantic because the road uniforms would have to be snatched off the players' backs right after the game. Trainer Bob Bauman said the only thing that would hold up his packing (heaven forbid) would be a player injury.

Butch and I walked down to Leo Ward's office, and they stuffed brown

big star; Nieman rates one because he is such an excessively loud snorer that nobody can tolerate him. Everyone else is doubled up.

Leo Scott, the traveling secretary of the Los Angeles Dodgers, dropped in on Ward to say hello and swap a few stories. At one point Scott exploded: "Ward, when are you going to stop calling my ball club *Brooklyn*?"

Ward snapped his fingers and shook his head. "I'm trying to break myself of the habit, Leo, honest I am."

Jim Rohm, the United Airlines man, came in and said that the weather outlook between St. Louis and Chicago was fine and the DC-6B charter plane would be ferried down

low the stands. Traveling Secretaries Ward and Scott went to work, making the rounds to check the turnstiles for the paid attendance. Back in his office Leo totaled it up. It came to 27,790 paid. He picked up the phone and relayed the figure to the press box. Then he filled out a check for \$7,642, calculated at 27 1/2¢ a head, and handed it to Leo Scott as the Dodgers' share. He put another check for \$1,389.50 into an envelope for mailing to National League headquarters as the league's cut. This left about \$40,000, before taxes, as the Cardinals' take on the day. (When the Cards got to Los Angeles, the divvy would be reversed. Leo would get the 27 1/2¢ end of



CARDINALS' LEO WARD PAYS LEO SCOTT THE DODGERS' SHARE OF HOLIDAY GATE



RAY SADECKI (BACK TO CAMERA) SITS IN ON

envelopes with meal money for the players. Players get \$10 a day, but the free meals served on the planes along the way usually enable the players to show a little profit on that.

That chore done, Leo Ward picked up the phone and called Manager Bill Hurst of the Knickerbocker Hotel in Chicago. Manager Hurst said he had received the room list, and everything was set. Room lists change slightly from town to town. Writers join up or leave; sometimes players get hurt or sick and must be left at home.

The room list for Chicago called for suites for Manager Solly Hemus and Leo himself and single rooms for Stan Musial, the sportswriters and Bob Nieman, the outfielder. Musial gets a room to himself because he is the

from Chicago a couple of hours before the scheduled takeoff time.

Outside, the ball park was filling up. Among the early arrivals were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sadecki. They had driven all the way from St. Petersburg, Fla. and had brought three of their children along: Tommy, 16, Mary Ann, 12, and Mike, 3. Their oldest boy did not make the trip to St. Louis with them because he was already there. He was Ray, 19, the pride of the family. The Cardinals had signed him for a \$50,000 bonus, and he had invested part of the money in a coffee shop in St. Petersburg which his father is now managing for him. It was a big day for the Sadeckis, for Ray was to start the second game.

The Cards took the opener 5-2. Be-

low the pot as representative of the visiting club.)

Leo Scott pocketed the check and said, "It's a pleasure to do business with you, Leo." "Likewise," said Leo. "Come often, Leo."

Their work was largely done until plane time. But, meanwhile, out on the field, a minor catastrophe had occurred. Ray Sadecki, with his mother and dad and kid sister and brothers looking on, had served up a home run ball to Norm Sherry of the Dodgers in the fourth inning and then had presented Gil Hodges with another in the sixth. The Cards lost 5-4.

Even so, everybody was in high spirits during the getaway operation at the clubhouse. The Cards were starting on the road, holding fast to

their grip on fourth place. It had been a fine festive afternoon, with suitable patriotic ceremonies between games. The 50-star American flag had been raised for the first time, excerpts from the Declaration of Independence had been read from home plate and Ray Sadecki's mother had been invited down on the field to be introduced to the crowd along with Miss Red Bird and the wives of several players.

The players dressed with all deliberate speed, and Butch Yatkeman, the property man, and Bob Bauman, the trainer, had the gear on the waiting trucks in no time at all. Within an hour or so the team was boarding the charter plane for Chicago. The

Herman got down to their game of gin. In the galley Ernie Broglio, the pitcher, gallantly offered to help the stewardesses with the dinner trays.

After dinner the card players kept at it. Some of the younger players drifted back to the galley to offer assistance to the stewardesses in the collection of trays, and when that was done, they lingered on to chat with the pretty girls.

Bob Nieman, the great snorer, fell fast asleep in his seat, and the plane's motors barely matched him in doze. Javier, the brilliant young second baseman, put his feet high on the back of the seat ahead and soon was dead to the world.

afternoon 3-2. After the game Secretary Ward got a call from Pitching Coach Howie Pollet.

"Leo," said Howie, "Solly wants to send Larry Jackson on ahead of the team so he can get a good night's rest. Can you get him on a jet to San Francisco tomorrow morning?"

It took a little doing, but Leo managed it. And a good thing, too, because the Hemus strategy was destined to pay off. Jackson went the route against the Giants at Candlestick Park and beat them 7-3.

Meanwhile, back in Chicago, Sports-writer Neal Russo had rejoined the team. He was wearing the gray-colored tie presented to him by Secretary



A POKER SESSION WITH MUSIAL (RIGHT)

MANAGER SOLLY HEMUS TELLS SADECKI WHY TWO PITCHES WENT FOR HOME RUNS

poker players, led by Stan Musial, headed for the tail. With them went Ray Sadecki, making the third major league trip of his young life. He was dealt a hand, and if he had been slightly downcast after throwing his two home run balls he was completely recovered now. His eyes were shining as he sipped a complimentary can of Budweiser beer and maintained just the right note of self-assurance and deference proper in a rookie sitting in on a card game with a big star like Stan the Man.

Forward, Manager Solly Hemus settled down to his continuing gin rummy game with Harry Caray, the radio broadcaster. Across the aisle Secretary Ward, Business Manager Art Routzong and Sportswriter Jack

There were 35,000 delegates to the International Lions convention crowding the hotels in Chicago but, of course, the Cardinal reservations were intact. In the lobby of the Knickerbocker, Manager Hemus conferred with Pitcher Ray Sadecki: "You want to start keeping a little notebook on the hitters, Ray. That home run ball you gave Sherry was about eye-high, just where he likes it."

Ray said: "I thought it was about letter-high, just the kind of pitch I struck him out on before."

"I don't think so," said Solly Hemus. "You start keeping that little notebook."

"Yes, sir," said Ray, "I'll sure do that."

The Cardinals beat the Cubs next

Ward on behalf of the players, who conceived the gift as a satiric comment on Russo's unfortunate habit of spilling soups and sauces on his shirtfront. The gag misfired a little because Russo declared the tie to be the best and the most becoming he had ever owned. That evening Business Manager Routzong gave a small dinner party at Mister Kelly's and the floor show was a corker.

The Cards got bombed in the second game 10-1. Secretary Ward collected the getaway money from Secretary Bob Lewis of the Cubs, and Property Man Butch Yatkeman got equipment loaded on the trucks in jig time. The players boarded the bus for O'Hare airport, and at the start of

continued

the trip there was dead silence for a while. Nobody really felt bad, but it is not at all seemly to appear cheerful after a 10-1 shellacking.

After about an hour on the highway it became clear that something had gone wrong. The trip from the city to the airport ordinarily takes 55 minutes. Nobody said anything for a while. Twenty minutes went by. Then a player called out: "Hey, driver! Shouldn't we be coming into Frisco about now?"

The driver tried to laugh it off. Then, realizing that he had wandered far off course, he began to panic a little, stopping the bus to shout to

"What was the matter, Jack?" Bob Nieman, the snorer, called out. "Didn't they have your size?" With that, Manager Solly Hemus, a man pondering the game just played and the one Jackson would pitch on the morrow, reached over, plucked the hat off Herman's head and threw it out the window. In the framework of the discussion it seemed a perfectly logical thing to do. (Jack Herman himself admitted that when Solly presented him with a new hat next day.)

Leo Ward ordered the bus stopped at the next gasoline station. He got out, asked for directions and then put the perspiring driver back on course. Within minutes, it seemed, the airport loomed up. The team boarded

a four-bitter to beat the Giants 7-1.

On behalf of the club, Business Manager Art Routzong threw an elegant dinner party at Ernie's for Manager Hemus, the coaches and the sportswriters. Dr. I. C. Middleman, the club physician, and Mrs. Middleman were there. The talk at the two big tables was of high hopes—and why not? Who but a fool could deny, in the splendor of Ernie's, that the club (which was destined to reach second place) might not go all the way to the pennant this year?

But first, it had to play a pair in Los Angeles. Leo Ward called ahead to the Biltmore Hotel and checked his rooming list with Jim Sinclair, the manager. Everything was all set, said Manager Sinclair. He didn't even bother to mention that the Biltmore was a bit crowded as it was the headquarters of the Democratic National Convention. He knew that a ball club on a road trip couldn't care less.

It was annoying, though. The lobby was jammed, and a fellow couldn't find a spot to sit and read his *Sporting News* in comfort. The elevators were miniature madhouses. And at one point, Travelling Secretary Ward almost blew his top when a whole gang of characters broke into his suite to crowd up to the windows and cheer like nuts as a nonpro named Kennedy drove up with screaming sirens.

It didn't bother the club too much the first day. Boyer's homer beat the Dodgers 4-3. But in the second game the racket back at the Biltmore took its toll. The Cards got bombed 11-7.

The road trip, the swing around the western circuit, was over. The club headed east. There was just one stop to make. Musial, Boyer, White, Jackson, McDaniel and Solly Hemus (who had been fingered as coach) were due in Kansas City for the first All-Star Game. When the charter plane set down at KC, Business Manager Art Routzong got off, too. So did 19-year-old Ray Sadecki who had pitched that four-bitter against the Giants in his last start.

Ray wasn't going to the All-Star Game at all. He had a date with his childhood sweetheart, Diane Bush of Kansas City, Kansas. They were going to the 10:30 Mass at St. Peter's Cathedral together.

And after Mass, as the couple came out of the church, all the guests agreed they had never seen a prettier bride than Mrs. Ray Sadecki.

END



ROOKIE SADECKI SHIPS ALL-STAR GAME TO MARRY HIS CHILDHOOD SWEETHEART

pedestrians, "Hey, Mae! Where's O'Hare Airport?"

Leo Ward, who is beyond surprises after 20 years as traveling secretary of the Cards, sat unperturbed. He wasn't really worried because the plane waiting at the airport was, of course, another charter job (the Cards were paying \$3,587.18 for this one) and couldn't take off until the team appeared.

The hilarity mounted. Soon, the frustrated bus driver was not target enough. Attention turned to a straw hat worn by Jack Herman, the sports-writer. It was roundly denounced. The black edging around the brim was abhorrent to the players. What was it? Where did he get it? Off a horse?

the charter plane. Stewardesses Sue Lilly of St. Louis and Rebecca Fogg of Birmingham, who had never flown with a ball club before, accepted the gallant offer of Pitcher Ernie Broglio to help with the dinner trays. In the tail Stan the Man played poker. Forward, the gin rummy games resumed. Then, against the drone of the engines, there arose the great snores of Bob Nieman, the outfielder, as a sort of dreadful melody in counterpoint. The club was headed west.

San Francisco could scarcely have been better. Larry Jackson, as mentioned, won the first game, and in the second, Ray Sadecki, who had already begun to keep his little notebook on opposing hitters, turned in



## FENCING WITH A FOIL

by ED VEBELL

*"My sword will speak for me," cried the hero, and bug-eyed we read on as Dumas and Sabatini filled our youthful hours with chapter upon chapter of blood and steel. At a certain age almost everyone becomes a musketeer, fencing fiercely with sticks and rods. Yet how many realize that formal fencing can be an exhilarating family sport, and one of the few in which "mixed singles" offers even competition between men and women? It is inexpensive—\$30 buys all equipment—needs little space, is safe and not hard to learn. In these pages Ed Vebell, a 1953 U.S. Olympic fencer, uses his wife as a model for his own drawings and explains the basics of foil fencing.*

It is almost instinctive among the uninitiated to think of fencing in terms of a swashbuckling Douglas Fairbanks dispatching a whole platoon of the King's Guards. The thought is exciting but wrong. Fencing is far less strenuous and far more sophisticated than that: its inherent excitement is always controlled.

There are two reasons for this. First, the action is limited to a narrow field, 40 feet long and six feet wide. Second, the basic rule of fencing makes it more like a formal de-

bate than an assault. The fencer who first attacks has the right to press the attack until his opponent successfully blocks (parries) it. Then the defender may counterattack (riposte) until he in turn is parried, at which point the right to go on the offense returns to the initial attacker. I like to think of the whole process as an orderly conversation—with steel.

Points are scored by touching an opponent on the target area—that is, front or back, on the torso only, from hips to the top of the collar. The first to

score five points in a men's match, or four in a mixed or women's match, is the winner.

There are several types of foil handles, but I recommend the French, which is slightly curved. The arched side of this handle is placed against the palm, just beneath the fleshy base of the thumb. The thumb is put on top of the handle, with the index finger curving beneath it. These two fingers—not the wrist or forearm—direct the blade. The remaining fingers merely give support.

CONTINUED



FRENCH HANDLE



TARGET AREA



THE GRIP

## The basic on-guard position

All fencing action begins from the on-guard position. This is the placement of the feet, legs, body and arms which gives the fencer a firmly balanced stance from which he can either attack or retreat.

The feet are positioned at right angles to each other, with the heels about 18 inches apart. The front foot and knee point directly at the opponent and are in a straight line with the rear heel. It is important that the weight be placed equally on each

foot and that the heels always be kept on a line with the opponent, as my wife Elsa has them in the figure at the lower left. If your feet get out of position you are certain, sooner or later, to lose your balance.

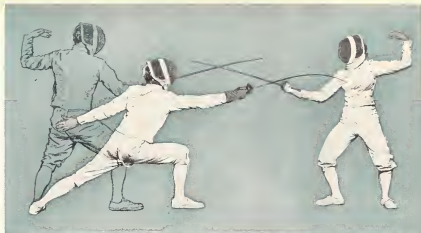
The knees are bent into a "sitting" position, with the front knee projecting forward over the instep. The body rests in a natural position, turned away from the opponent but not enough to cause strain. Hips and shoulders will be on a parallel line.

Now the foil is raised until the hand is chest-high. Weapon and right forearm form a straight line aimed at the vicinity of the opponent's chin. The left arm, meanwhile, is arched to the rear, acting as a counterweight; the upper arm level with the shoulders; the hand very relaxed, seeming to droop casually from the wrist.

With both fencers in the on-guard position, the match is ready to begin. The distance between them is such that one fencer could almost, but not quite, touch the other with a full lunge forward. The object of a fencing bout is to close that distance just enough to be able to hit your opponent—without getting hit yourself.



THE ON-GUARD stance is demonstrated by Elsa Vebe in these front and side views. Note the flexed position of the knees. Beginners find this fatiguing, but with use it becomes quite comfortable. In the opponent's-eye view at left there is a target area quartered into its four main sections. The basic parries are named after these sections.



**THE LUNGE**, or development, begins with both fencers in the on-guard position. The fencer at left is shown in outline form at

this point. To lunge he quickly extends his right arm and steps far forward with the right foot, keeping the left in place.

## The lunge and the recovery

The lunge is the classic method of attempting the touch. It has two distinct motions. First is the straightening of the right arm, thrusting it forward directly from the shoulder toward the target. Under the rules of competitive fencing this is recognized as a formal threat to the target area of the opponent, thus giving the "right of way" to attack.

The second motion is the actual

lunge, which is designed to move the foil tip as quickly as possible to the target. It is accomplished by snapping the body forward with a fast extension of the rear leg. The rear foot remains flat on the floor, while the front foot skims forward until the rear leg has been fully extended. The left arm is straightened and brought down to a position just above the extended rear leg (see above). With practice

the two motions, extension of the foil arm and lunge, become one coordinated movement. Recovery is accomplished by a hard push with the right foot, simultaneously bending the left knee. This returns the fencer to the on-guard position, where he is again safely out of reach.

This is part of the continuous back-and-forth footwork in fencing. The footwork is simple (see below). Its object is to lure your opponent within reach at a crucial moment, while staying out of reach yourself.



**IN THE ADVANCE** the toes of the front foot are raised and the heel skims forward just off the floor. The rear foot follows,

keeping its usual on-guard position. In retreating, the footwork is reversed, with the rear foot moving backward first.

CONTINUED

## The basic attacking movements

After practicing the footwork and lunge—a full-length mirror can be a great help with this—a novice is ready to try the basic attacks.

The simplest of these is the straight thrust. This is nothing but a long stab

at an unprotected area. The least effective form of attack, it involves no deception, so it must be very fast. Even then it is easily parried.

Slightly more complicated is the disengage. In this the attacker moves

his foil from one side of the defender's blade to the other by passing the point under the opponent's wrist. It works best against a defender who has put considerable pressure on the attacker's foil while trying to push it aside. The attacker relaxes suddenly under the pressure, describes a U with his foil tip and comes up on the unprotected side.

The double disengage is a one-two punch. The attacker fakes a disengage, the defender parries hard against that threat, and before his victim can recover the attacker dips his foil tip back to the side he started from.

The cutover is much like the disengage, but instead of passing his foil tip beneath the opponent's blade the attacker passes above it. This attack involves considerable movement of the blade, but only the wrist, not the arm, raises the foil.

Finally there is the beat. Keeping his hand stationary, the attacker uses his blade to push his opponent's foil tip far out, thus opening up a target for a straight thrust.

The best time to start any attack is when an opponent has one foot off the floor while moving forward.



DOTTED LINES SHOW MOTION OF FOIL TIP IN FOUR ATTACKS. DEFENDER IS IN WHITE

## The basic defensive movements

The simple parry is primarily instinctive action. If you are about to be attacked with a foil you try to push it away. The design of the weapon helps, for you, as the defender, are using the strong part of your foil, near the hilt, to thwart the weakest part of the attacker's blade, the section near the tip.

The object in the parry is to use just enough deflecting motion to protect the threatened area. If you over-protect, moving the foil hand too far to one side, you are immediately vulnerable to much stronger attack and have only postponed your fate.

The four basic parries protect the areas shown on page 44. In the parry of sixte the attacker's blade has been caught coming at the upper outside section of the defender's target area and has been pushed to the outside.

The parry of quarte, a strong parry because the chest muscles come into use, catches a blade coming toward the high inside area and moves it further inside and off target.

The parry of octave defends the

lower outside area. It is accomplished by dropping the point of the foil in a small arc. But the foil hand must remain in its original position lest a new opening be afforded the attacker.

The parry of septime defends the lower inside area. Again the blade is dropped through a small arc with the

hand being kept in its original position. This parry lends itself to the launching of a surprise counterattack.

A circular or counterparry can also be used to protect each side. In these parries the fingers are used to move the blade in a tight circle, picking up the attacker's foil as it comes in to threaten one area and forcing it through a small arc to a point where it cannot reach the target.



FOUR PARRIES ARE USED TO THWART VARYING ATTACKS AGAINST WHITE DEFENDER





## The counterattack

The riposte is the counteroffensive action which may be taken by the defender after he has successfully parried an attack. Fencing rules give the defender the right to score after a successful parry. The drawings above show four simple ripostes.

Figure 1: Fencer B attacked high inside (quarte). Fencer A parried in that area—as shown in the outlined figure—then dropped his foil point toward the attacker's chest and extended his arm while leaning forward for the touch.

Figure 2: Fencer B attacked high outside (sixte). Fencer A parried, extended his arm and dropped the foil point for the touch. In this riposte the initial defender must remember to cover himself by keeping his hand well to the right, blocking his opponent's blade.

Figure 3: Fencer B attacked low inside (septime). Fencer A parried by dropping the point of his foil in a downward arc and then whipped the blade upward for a touch on his opponent's chest.

Figure 4: Fencer B attacked low outside (octave). Fencer A parried by dropping his foil point and then returned for the touch on the chest. This riposte must be very fast. It can be made either under or over the attacker's arm, depending on whether the attacker has carried his

foil hand high or low while pressing his offense.

In these five pages I have outlined the basics of a sport which has given my wife and me many invigorating hours of competition between ourselves, as well as against others. So long as a mask, jacket and glove are worn at all times, fencing with a foil is a safe, exciting activity for the whole family.

END

**BEGINNER'S ERROR** is attacking without straightening the foil arm first. The fencer at right has attempted this and has been easily touched with a stop thrust.



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**FIRST CASUALTY.** Mira Slovak, flipped his hydro at 160 mph, says he will never race again.



**WORST CASUALTY.** Sky-diver Charles Kirkpatrick was nearly killed in fall.

BOATING / Emmett Watson

## Seattle's deadly farce

**Two days of hydro racing end  
with four hospital cases, three  
retirements and no real winner**

THE sport of hydroplaning, in which the sight of burning boats, crippled drivers and squabbling officials has become commonplace, degenerated into a grisly parody of itself at the Seafair Trophy races in Seattle last week. The regatta produced a winner (of sorts) in *Miss Thriftway*, driven by Bill Muncey, but only after the event, scheduled to start and finish on Sunday August 7, was dragged out through the late afternoon of the next day. It left four men in the hospital, 209,000 witnesses utterly bewildered, and the \$6,600 in prize money locked up in litigation.

The carnage began early in the second section of the first heat. Mira Slovak, piloting Bill Boeing's *Wahoo*, blasted into the north turn at an estimated 160 mph, caught a sponson and turned completely over. Slovak

was catapulted into the water as red disaster flares sputtered from the official barge. At that instant Boeing's preface remark (SI, Aug. 5), "When Slovak quits, so does *Wahoo*. They'll finish together," seemed prophetic. Unconscious and in shock, suffering from hip contusions and internal injuries, Slovak was plucked from the water by a helicopter and carried to the hospital. All heats were delayed for nearly three-quarters of an hour while patrol boats cleaned the course of *Wahoo's* debris.

When the wreckage had been towed away, racing was resumed, and by late afternoon *Miss U.S. 1*, having won each of her heat sections, was leading with 800 points. *Miss Spokane* and *Miss Thriftway* were close behind. With the third and final heat about to begin, the Seafair seemed to be stabilized. Then, out of a plane cruising over Lake Washington, six sky-divers came hurtling down in pairs, their parachutes popping open, two and two and two. The jump was a planned part of the Seafair program, to provide additional thrills



**BADLY BURNED** when his boat caught on fire, Don Wilson quit for good.



**BURNED BUT UNWOMED**, Russ Schleeh scoffed at own injuries, looks forward to his next race.

for spectators. In a horrifying way it was successful.

Five jumpers landed safely; but the sixth, Charles Kirkpatrick, veteran of 166 jumps, misjudged his drop to the water, cut his harness too soon and plummeted 100 feet to splash flat on his back near the barge. As soon as he could be fished out, Kirkpatrick was on his way to join Slovak in the hospital. Kirkpatrick's injuries brought him close to death.

At 6:20 in the evening, shortly before the five-minute warning gun for the final heat, Don Wilson, driver of *Miss U.S. I*, kissed his pretty blonde wife Sandra and gunned onto the course. He hit the line in close contention with *Miss Spokane* and *Miss Thriftway*, then dropped steadily behind as *Miss Spokane* took charge. By the fifth and last lap, Wilson was nearly two miles back of the leaders. *Miss Spokane* was still in front, and to all appearances it was her race as she charged past the 1,000-foot marker some 17 seconds from victory. At that instant red flames again erupted off the official barge: *Miss U.S. I*, far down on the south turn, had burst into smoke and flames. Wilson, his burning hydro still moving at 90 mph, tried to jump but his right foot caught in the cockpit and, in the few agonizing seconds before he could release it and plunge into the lake, his face, arms and legs were severely burned. Once again the rescue helicopter went into action, and, as his wife looked on, Wil-

son, too, was bundled onto a stretcher, and whisked to the hospital.

Almost everybody—except Referee Stan Donogh and a handful of other officials—assumed *Miss Spokane* had won. And everyone was more than willing to go home. Donogh, however, invoked the rule to the effect that the last heat of a 45-mile race must go the full five laps to be completed and called for a rerun. *Miss Spokane*'s backers stormed the official barge, protesting that the fire in *Miss U.S. I* in no way endangered the leading boats. Practically all the other owners and drivers sided with *Miss Spokane*.

#### Into the drink

Nevertheless, 20 minutes before sundown, the rerun was started. It had scarcely gone a full lap when red flames once again dotted the lake. *Miss Thriftway Too*, sister ship of the contending *Miss Thriftway*, caught fire on the backstretch. Her driver, Colonel Russell Schleeh, jumped ship and was picked up by helicopter, suffering from minor leg burns and a possible fracture of the vertebrae.

After another delay, Donogh announced the final heat would be tried again at 4:30 p.m. Monday—a decision to which the American Power Boat Association, governing body for big-time hydro racing, acceded only on condition that no "official" winner would be declared and that the prize money be held up.

continued

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### BOATING continued

Meanwhile, George Simon, owner of *Miss U.S. I*, had gone to the airport, sick of hydroplanes and Seattle. As he waited for his plane, however, Simon began to brood. The more he brooded, the more often the thought recurred to him that somehow *Miss U.S. I* had won the race. Five minutes before flight time, he canceled his reservation.

"I won me a race," he declared. "That's my race, and I'm going to get it." Back to town went Simon to file a protest. In essence, he charged that the Seafair race was scheduled for one day and no third heat was completed in the allotted time. Therefore, claimed Simon, the race was over at the end of two heats—and *Miss U.S. I* was leading at the time with 800 points.

### Out of the sport

Monday's rerun went on as scheduled, with perhaps 50,000 disheveled hydrophiles enduring 94° heat to watch the curious, anticlimactic run-off. This time, *Miss Thrifless* worked into the lead and successfully held off the pursuit of *Miss Spokane* to win the heat and the race—providing the APBA does not cancel the victory as a result of Simon's protest.

Thus ended the wildest hydroplane race of them all. Thus ended, too, the hydroplaning careers of three men, bringing to something like a dozen the number of top racers and boat owners who have dropped out of this anarchistic sport in the past five years. From his hospital bed Don Wilson, whose wife is expecting their first child in January, spoke through burn-swollen lips: "It's all over. I've had it." In another room Mira Slovak, under heavy sedation, rolled over in bed and told reporters that he, too, was out of racing for good. "Bill Boeing and I started out with the *Wahoo*... five years ago on Lake Washington," he mumbled sleepily. "We ended up the same place. We've done our share. It's up to the other guys now." Bill Boeing confirmed Slovak's announcement. In a letter to the APBA, he submitted his resignation as a member of the unlimited racing commission—in effect, declaring his complete retirement from hydroplaning. "There is always a right time to get out," said Bill Boeing. "This is the time."

END

## A look inside the Campbell car

**The British have bet \$4 million that Donald Campbell's 'Bluebird,' like another 'Bluebird' of the '30s, will prove to be the world's fastest**

THIS week in Boston, a four-ton sapphire-blue monster of a car was lifted over the side of a freighter and deposited on the dock. The *Bluebird*, as Donald Campbell of Britain calls the machine, will be carried by trailer to Utah. There, some time in early September, Campbell will vault into its forward-perched cockpit and go screaming over the level white crust of the Bonneville Salt Flats in search of a new world land-speed record—a search that only three weeks ago claimed the life of one driver, Athol Graham (SI, Aug. 8).

Campbell, already the holder of the water-speed record, will be driving partly for the sake of the challenge ("penetrating out into the dark"), partly to carry on the lifework of his father, Sir Malcolm Campbell, who set a record himself in 1935, driving the original *Bluebird* 301 mph. But mostly, Campbell says, he wants to "flutter the flag a bit" for Britain and push the record beyond the reach of contenders for a long time to come.

Chief among the rival drivers Campbell and a surprising number of Englishmen want to beat is Mickey Thompson, the strapping young Californian who has bettered 360 mph at Bonneville with a home-built car and next week will be back on the flats going after the British-held absolute record of 394.2 mph, set by the late Sir John Cobb in 1947.

Until recently, few Americans had ever heard of Thompson. To the

British, however, he is a menace to a cherished possession—one not as important to the crown's prestige as, say, the conquest of Everest, but not a thing to be regarded lightly in post-Suez Britain.

If Campbell succeeds—and more than 70 British manufacturing firms have plowed some \$4 million into the car in the prospect that he will—the record could soar to 500 mph. Beneath the aluminum hide of Campbell's turbine-engined *Bluebird* lies the greatest potential performance of any land-speed automobile ever built.

Campbell got in his first kicks at the round-numbers speed game by

continued



RELAXED CAMPBELL AFTER RECENT RUN

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nudging the water-speed record above 200 mph with his *Bluebird* jet boat in 1955 (SI, July 25, 1955). In the next four years he broke his record on water five times, finally bringing it to 260.35 mph last year on Coniston Water in the English lakes district.

Now he intends to become the second man in history to hold both the water- and land-speed records at the same time. The first was his father. In doing so he hopes to help push back the frontiers of automotive engineering and to prove that "while it's frightfully exciting to think of going to the moon, there's still a lot to be learned on this planet."

Campbell talked persuasively on these matters the other day in the den of his pleasant Tudor country

house, Roundwood, in Surrey, three-quarters of an hour from London.

The walls of the room were lined with photographs and mementos of *Bluebird* exploits. There was Sir Malcolm looking down with a jaunty expression that has carried over intact to his son—the same merry eyes beneath the high forehead, the smiling mouth between a strong nose and chin. There was also a model of the latest *Bluebird* boat and one of the new car. Behind a desk sat Campbell's project manager Peter Carr, a former R.A.F. test pilot, now retired and furiously occupied with some 11th-hour *Bluebird* paperwork.

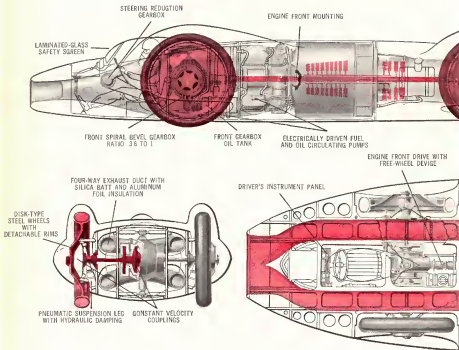
"This particular activity has nothing to do with racing," Campbell said. "It is a completely different tree in another part of the forest. The challenge here is in the machine itself. This

is a cold-blooded, calculating, lonely business.

"No one in this world is necessarily equipped to handle the *Bluebird*. This is far beyond anything attempted in the past. The only people who know something about these things are test pilots or someone like yours truly who has had to learn the hard way on water.

"You don't go into it feeling, 'Boy oh boy, this is going to be a piece of cake.' I did that once, on Father's old boat. The next thing, I nearly turned the whole boat around the propeller shaft.

"On the other hand, you have to think that you have a reasonable chance of succeeding. While one admires the hot-rod boys (Campbell presumably was thinking of Thompson), that's not our line of country.



I don't like hot rods because I don't like uncalculated risks. There's always a factor of ignorance in these projects, even after a design is tested and re-tested, and to my nervous mind that is enough.

"This animal has taken four and a half years to build. It has all kinds of electronic gadgets in it. We're taking advantage of every modern technique known to man.

"In the end, projects of this sort should help get the price of the everyday passenger car down. You can't see the cost of labor going down, so there are only two ways of doing the job, as I see it. First, greater numbers. Second, the virtually untapped field of making ever lighter masses of material do ever greater work."

The new *Bluebird*, by virtue of its light components, has an unprece-

dent power-to-weight ratio of one horsepower to less than two pounds. Generally speaking, this ratio is the most crucial factor in any racing or speed-record car; the lightest car with the greatest power is the winner. The four-wheel-drive *Bluebird* weighs 8,000 pounds and will develop some 4,250 hp from its Bristol-Siddeley Proteus free turbine engine, the engine used in the early Britannia turbo-prop airplane. Cobb's was a 7,000-pound, 2,800-hp, two-engine car.

"If it isn't easier to drive this beast than the *Bluebird* boat," Campbell went on, "then we've done a bloody bad job. Those who have gone after records on both agree that the land is easier than the water. I am here to tell you that this game on water is getting tricky. It was tricky enough for me, thank you very much indeed."

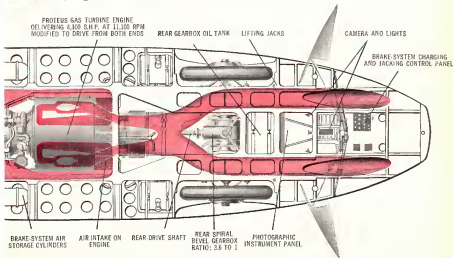
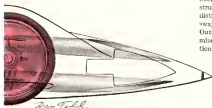
One man who knows perhaps better than Campbell how tricky high speeds can be, on water or land, is Lewis Norris, one of *Bluebird*'s chief designers, who, at his home in the little Sussex town of Burgess Hill, made it clear that Campbell will do well to approach 500 mph.

Compact, dark-eyed and intense, Norris, who also designed Campbell's jet boat, sat at a Spartan desk before a blackboard covered with abstruse mathematical hen tracks.

Campbell, Norris said, will have two major tasks. The first is to accelerate the *Bluebird* at precisely the rate giving maximum tire adhesion. Since the engine is powerful enough to produce unwanted wheel spin all through the acceleration range, two sets of data, which will appear on a

continued

"BLUEBIRD" DESIGN is dictated by high-speed problems of overheating, tire failure, uneven drive and braking. Egg-box construction (circles) permits air-cooling of engine, reduces torque, distributes thrust with two-way drive. Hard suspension reduces sway while constant velocity couplings transmit power evenly. Outside tires, which will be changed after each run, will minimize heat expansion, help stabilize steering. Air flaps and friction brakes should stop car within six miles from end of run.



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special dial, will be reflected onto the windshield in such a way that the figures will seem to be projected on the track ahead of Campbell. One will show a theoretically perfect acceleration figure for any given point on the course and the other will show his actual performance.

The second vital task is to stop the car in time. The Bonneville course is only 17 miles long, with the measured mile through which the record runs in the center. This leaves 10 miles in which to gather speed and another six in which to decelerate. Twin air flaps that project outward from the sides of the car will be used to slow it to 400 mph; then Campbell will apply four massive, air-operated, in-board disc brakes. These must dissipate 75 million foot-pounds of energy in no more than 70 seconds.

As far as you can go

"It's hard to see," Norris said, "how any vehicle driven through the wheels can have a higher potential than this one. We should have the means of arriving at the maximum coefficient of friction, or grip, that one can use with tires as we now know them. You can almost say this is the end of the road in that sense."

"It's the shortness of the run that makes life difficult. The machine hasn't got time to reach its peak. It's got to be accelerating all the time."

"It's incredible that Graham and Thompson got up so high. I hope Thompson takes the record from us before Donald gives it a go. He jolly well deserves it."

Implicit in Norris' verbal bouquet was, of course, the presumption that Campbell would jolly well get the record right back for Great Britain if Thompson did succeed. The *Bluebird* people mean business. There is a trustee council, headed by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, which is charged with carrying out the assault in case of Campbell's illness or death.

It is much likelier that Campbell will be as healthy as a Hampshire boar, come the "ultimate" run, probably on September 12.

"Donald will have enormous pressure on him as he accelerates," Lew Norris said. "He'll feel a hit like the arrow in the bow."

Campbell will feel like something more than that if he hits his mark. **END**

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## An Italian named Tornese

**Another superb trotter  
from Europe may succeed  
Jamin as Horse of the World**

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a race horse who wore red earmuffs, ate artichokes and had as his owner a French woman who made champagne and loved her horse so dearly that she would give him anything, but could not bear the excitement of watching him race. This fine horse was named Jamin and, as fairy tales go, he came from his country to this country last August to beat the very best trotters on earth and become the Horse of the World.

Now it is August again, and this Saturday evening at Long Island's Roosevelt Raceway eight horses from six different countries will be competing in the second running of the \$50,000, mile-and-a-quarter International Trotting Championship. While the race probably will not produce a horse with the individual qualities of a Jamin, once more it may produce the Horse of the World.

Jamin himself will not be at Roosevelt to defend the title which he so clearly won last year by beating seven horses from six nations in the mile-and-a-half first International. (The distance has been shortened this year to give the American and Canadian horses, which normally race a mile, a better chance against the Europeans, which are partial to distance races.) Two weeks ago Jamin's owner, Madame Camille Olry Roederer, and his trainer, Jean Rlaud, decided that since Jamin had not totally recovered from

a blister on his left hoof he would not be sent to Roosevelt to compete. Certainly no one could fault this decision, for a Jamin appearing at any thing below his top form would be unfair to the public and to Jamin.

While the defection of Jamin quite naturally takes some of the glow off this year's International, it by no means reduces it to a second-class event. The field which will start—Haires II from Holland, Tornese, Iceare and Crevalcore from Italy, Iton from Austria, Tie Silk from Canada, Durban Chief from New Zealand and Silver Song from the U.S.—is as good a field as could be gathered anywhere.

### Good year for Europe

This year has been a good one for the European trotters, and many knowledgeable horsemen who have seen the best on the Continent believe that Jamin, even in top form, would have considerable trouble with this year's International field. Silver Song, the American entrant, had to earn his way into the race by winning last Saturday's American Trotting Championship, and if he can put two tough races together in a week, it will be a major surprise.

The top two horses appear to be Haires II and Tornese Haire, owned by Andries Voordouw, a home builder in The Hague, first earned international attention when he trotted off

continued



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with the Prix d'Amerique at Vincennes near Paris late last January. In the Prix, Harros, 43 to 1, beat both Tornese and Jamin, although Jamin gave a 50-meter handicap. A striking black 9-year-old, Harros wears a white shadow roll which helps to accentuate his dark color. After winning in France he went on to successes in Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Sweden and Germany. Harros has won at distances from 1,000 meters up to 3,500 meters and has been victorious in 12 of 17 races this year, including seven of his last eight. Of the eight major trotting races conducted in Europe this year, Harros won six and had a second and third in the other two.

Tornese was second behind Jamin in last year's International, and since then he has improved steadily. The Italians love this 8-year-old bright chestnut, and their adoration was also shared by the Italian turf writers in a poll last year to determine the outstanding Italian horse (standardbred or Thoroughbred) of the last quarter century. Tornese tied in the voting with Ribot, the unbeaten Thoroughbred superhorse.

Tornese has won 13 of 20 races this year and finished second four times. His poorest race was in July when he finished fourth. Tornese has two distinct advantages over other European entrants in this International. For one, he is accustomed to tight turns, and for another, he is familiar with night racing. (Most of the European horses race on bigger tracks and in the afternoons.) Tornese has been trained in a different manner than his competition. His trainer, 29-year-old Cencio Ossano, works Tornese against a Thoroughbred prompter bitched to a sulky, and this helps Tornese move quickly around turns and away from trouble. In training Tornese goes through three warmup trips of 3,000 meters instead of following the European custom of one long workout of four or five miles.

One of the other Italian trotters in this International, Icare, finished fourth in last year's race, and is a start at Roosevelt shortly after that he beat five of the starters from the International, including the third-place finisher Trader Horn.

The Canadian champion, Tie Silk, is the youngest starter in the race and at times has shown much ability.

Tie Silk is a 4-year-old, and he finished second to Diller Hanover in the 1959 Hambletonian. He is owned by the Miron brothers (Adrien and Gerard), road builders and contractors from Montreal, and will be driven by Philippe Dussault. Tie Silk has done a mile this year in 2:01 4/5.

Iton, the Austrian 8-year-old black horse, eats bread with lard, oranges and grapes and at 14 hands is the smallest horse in the race. Iton will be driven by Baron Andrea von Beess and Chrostin, who drinks wine mixed with lemonade. The baron is familiar with American tracks and training methods. He was in this country for six months in 1958-59 and served as a groom for Johnny Simpson. Simpson recalled the other day, "He was



LONG-SHOT CHALLENGER Icare is held by Sandra Gressetto, owner's daughter.

a tremendously hard worker. He'd work and work at cleaning out stalls or doing errands, and after a while everyone forgot that he was royalty (Austrian) and considered him as just one of the boys. He has, as people say of a good horse, real class."

The picking of a winner in any international horse race is a difficult thing. There are so many variants—tracks, drivers, distance races, turns—that a selector gets more confused as he goes along. At a mile and a quarter, however, the draw for post position is not as important as it is at a mile. The natural inclination would be to lean toward the European experts' opinions and pick Harros to win. If you plan to be at Roosevelt for this International, though, you might not be wasting your time if you take a long look at Tornese. Tornese may very well be the next Horse of the World.

END

## SOARING

continued from page 12

"But never," he went on, "has my aircraft been eaten by cattle."

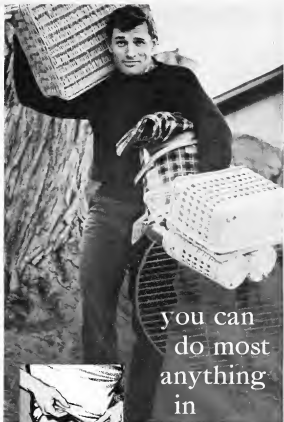
Farthest of all that day went Bernie Carris in the old RJ-5. A soaring instructor for the Schweizer Aircraft Corporation of Elmira, he was expected to give Schreder the tightest competition in the absence of former champion Dick Johnson, who did not compete this year. But Carris, who had borrowed the RJ-5 from a friend (who had bought it from Johnson), had difficulty getting accustomed to its characteristics during the early days of the championship. After two days of familiarization, however, the smooth old sailplane and its balding, 38-year-old pilot, who was a tailgunner in a B-17 during World War II, began to work well together. Carris had a third-place tie on the third day of competition, came in second on the fourth, second again on the fifth, hanging tight onto Schreder's tail. When he landed at Duncan, Okla., 310 miles from Odessa, to finish first on the sixth day, Carris cut Schreder's lead to just 316 points. But it was then—on the last day—that Schreder showed how good he really was.

### Be prepared

The last contest was a short speed run, 53 miles down the highway to McCamey and back. While the other contestants were on the ground waiting for their allotted take-off times, Schreder went up for a practice spin, sampling the thermals, testing the wind, looking around. By take-off time he was back on the ground, better prepared than anyone else. One of the last to leave, Schreder was the first to return, crossing the finish line 20 minutes before anyone else appeared on the horizon, widening his lead and socking away his second national championship with one of the most convincing and one-sided performances of the entire meeting.

Schreder finished with 6,945 points out of a possible 7,000. Carris was second with 6,516, Smith third for the second straight year with 6,374, and Wills fourth with 6,121.

"That Schreder is a fox," said Beaumont Cooley in admiration. "I don't know if he has the best sailplane, but his sailplane sure as heck has the best pilot." **END**



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## Angling? Phooey!

*by Joe David Brown*



*Illustrations by Francis Golden*

WHEN I was a boy fishing the streams of Alabama the most renowned fisherman in our parts was a runty little man named Justin Wiggins. The only fish Justin considered worth catching were catfish; not just any old catfish, but the evil-tempered and battle-scarred creatures, locally

called channel cats, that had staked out squatters' rights to potholes in the bottoms of most local rivers. The biggest of these cats ranged in size from 25 to 50 pounds, and on some nights, especially when there was no moon and the river was running fast and muddy, Justin Wig-

gins would haul in three or four.

Since Justin was too scrawny to stand up to a good-size Dominocker rooster in a fair fight, most people couldn't understand how he landed such monstrous cats until they examined his tackle. Justin used an old

*continued*

pool cue for a pole, a length of thin steel cable for a line and an enormous hook which he had hammered out of a section of brake rod from a Model T Ford. But the most important piece of equipment was Justin's own invention, and he was immensely proud of it. It was a four-foot-long shock absorber which he had made by braiding together broad rubber strips cut from an old inner tube and had fastened under his pole and line. When a cat struck, all Justin had to do was brace himself, hold on grimly, and let the cat beat itself to a frazzle with its own angry lunges against the elastic line.

One dark night Justin managed to become a local legend. He was drifting along the Black Warrior River in his small skiff when he hooked into a catfish that measured 5 feet 8 inches from the tip of its ugly bruised

snout. All night long Justin and the enraged fish entangled each other up and down and back and forth across a three- or four-mile stretch of river, menacing shipping and terrorizing dozens of innocent citizens who were out fishing, frog gigging or transporting lillet croon squeezings from local stills. One shaken native who was trapped in the line of fire told me about it later. "They slingshotted pas' me twice afore I could even git mah anchor up."

Nobody knows how long the battle might have lasted if, at about mid-morning the next day, the catfish had not plowed into a mud bank. There it wallowed about fiercely for a couple of hours more before it finally choked to death on silt and, probably, indignation.

Justin by that time was an exhausted and spiritless man. When rescuers reached him and helped heave his mammoth prize into the boat, he looked at it a moment and then sadly turned his face away. "Hit's ruind mah life, boys," he said. "Nuthin' no smaller ain't never goin' t' please me—an' I jost ain't man enough t' hol' onto nuthin' bigger."

For years I thought this story merely funny, but now that I myself am a hopelessly confirmed fisherman, venturing into the shoals of middle age, I like to use the ordeal of Justin Wiggins to point out one of the historic fallacies of fishing. Although man has been fishing since the Euphrates was young, and over the centuries philosophers have worn their pens to nubs extolling their sport as promoting reflective contentment, fishermen are, in fact, a peculiarly discontented breed. Good fishermen are never satisfied. It is the only sport I know in which perfection breeds boredom. If a man fishes long enough, sooner or later, whether he likes it or not, his methods of fishing, his outlook toward fishing and, usually, his whole purpose in fishing will undergo more change than even his hairline or waistline.

More often than the introduction of new equipment will cause the average fisherman to change his way of fishing. Ever since that far-off time when his forebears stampeded to exchange their gorges for new-fangled fishhooks, the fisherman has been a sucker for gadgets. Show me a dedicated fisherman and I will show you a man with the well-honed hoarding



instincts of a pack rat. He doesn't seem to be aware of it, but in the short time since World War II the widespread use of the outboard motor and, more recently, the popularity of the spinning rod have almost completely revolutionized the habits of the weekend fisherman. The lofty fly-fisherman considers himself immune to these proletarian changes, of course. He simply struggles into a canvas-and-rubber costume that costs a minimum of, say, \$75, drapes himself with accessories that cost almost as much, firmly grasps his mass-produced, customized \$49.95 reinforced fiber-glass rod and ventures forth to commune with nature and practice his ancient art.



snout to the end of its lashing tail, weighed a shade under 190 pounds and possessed a temper which was all out of proportion even to its frightening size. It became the most epic battle to roil southern waters since the *Merriame* tangled with the



who was considered a sensible man until one day he happened to hook a sun perch about the size of a pocket watch. This set him off on a quest to see how small a fish he could catch on a rod and reel. He used the tip of a fly rod for a rod at first, but when this proved to be too big he began to make his own equipment. Finally, after more than a year, he was using a rod made from a shellacked stalk of Jimson weed, a reel made from the cogs of an ordinary casting reel, silk sewing thread for a line and a hook made from a piece of wire taken from a window screen. With this miniature tackle he finally snared a transparent top minnow about the size of his fingernail. This satisfied him. He had the minnow and his tackle mounted on a plaque and rejoined sane society.

At the other extreme there is the case of Roy Martin, the well-known angler and fish authority of Panama City, Fla. Martin has set half a dozen international fishing records for various species of fish with various types of line. Among his more commonplace feats is his ability to land jewfish weighing up to 200 pounds while fishing from bridges. A few years ago Martin established another record for pure audacity. He harpooned a 45-foot whale shark that weighed about 25,000 pounds and attached the line to his rod and reel. Martin fought the fish for seven hours and was firmly determined to fight it out to a finish. Unfortunately, it grew dark; the boat from which Martin was fishing had been dragged miles from shore. Its owner grew afraid that the shark might turn and sink it. Reluctantly, under pressure, Martin finally cut the line. This experience has not dampened Martin's enthusiasm, and it seems safe to assume that the world will be hearing from him again.

Only people who don't fish are surprised to learn that dedicated fishermen are more apt to lay their rods aside when there is a surfeit of fish than when there are no fish at all. This is not a common occurrence, but it's not altogether rare either. In Florida at the moment there is a growing cult of fish watchers, ex-anglers who simply have grown tired of hauling fish out of the water but who like to observe them. Philip Wylie, the author, is a fish watcher. He maintains that it is much more exhilarating to observe and learn about the submarine world than to catch

samples of it with a hook (SI, Aug. 1, 1955). Wylie, of course, is almost as skilled at fishing as he is at writing, and I don't pretend to know more than he or his fellow fish watchers when I point out that they probably really would not rather watch fish than catch them. More likely, Florida's teeming waters just simply don't challenge them any more. They probably will recover and go back to fishing when they encounter a place where fish are more difficult to catch.

Fishermen frequently also grow too skilled for their environment. At the present time I am watching with much sympathy the plight of a friend of mine, a writer, who consistently over a 10-year period killed more trout in Connecticut water than anyone I knew. Suddenly, two seasons ago, my friend changed his tactics completely. If trout showed a tendency to rise to the fly he offered, he would change to one which seemed deliberately calculated to drive them away. He managed to get through last season landing only three trout, obviously myopic ones. He hasn't caught any this year, and I don't think he will, for he is tying his own flies and making them in such outlandish sizes that I doubt if they would tempt a starving barracuda. He probably could be restored to normal health by a spot of fishing in Canada or one of the western states, though of course I wouldn't dare suggest this. But I do know he loves fishing too much to abandon it altogether, and since Connecticut's streams aren't conducive to fish watching, the worst that can happen is that he will become an Intellectual Fisherman.

An Intellectual Fisherman, as most people know, is a fisherman who doesn't necessarily associate fishing with catching fish. He is usually a dreamy, oftentimes poetic gentleman, but the keenness of his memory is astonishing and he can recall every last detail of the fight he has had with even the smallest fish. Those gentlemen have enriched literature with whole shelves of slim volumes proving that it is gauche to think that success in fishing comes from catching fish. Intellectual Fishermen prefer to catch fish the hard way when they catch them at all, using anything for a lure which might be normally expected to frighten an ordinary fish away. It is a harmless

continued

Money has a powerful influence on a man's fishing habits. I know a rising young Arizona contractor, for example, who was a cane-pole fisherman until he made enough money to give deep-sea fishing a whirl. He boated a marlin on his first trip, and now he flies out of Phoenix every weekend to fish off either Mexico or southern California. It costs him a small fortune but he doesn't seem to mind. In fact, he plans to go to New Zealand on his vacation to try for a black marlin.

Money, however, does not promote restlessness in a fisherman; it only permits him to indulge it. Without money, he still will find a way. I had an uncle, an accomplished bass killer,

fancy and does no one any damage, least of all fish, so it is unkind not to hear with them. The only real disservice of which Intellectual Fishermen are guilty is promoting the canard that fish are man's mental equal. For an Intellectual Fisherman must always pretend that he *outwits* the fish he catches, usually after months, and sometimes years, of devising a clever campaign. Since fish are among the most stupid of all vertebrates, operating almost wholly on instinct and reflexes, and since any chuckle-headed farm boy knows that they strike only when they are hungry, curious or annoyed, it is difficult to understand how Intellectual Fishermen can perpetuate the myth that they must be outwitted. But they do.

An Intellectual Fisherman should not be confused with a Philosophical Fisherman. They are different types altogether. The Philosophical Fisherman has almost disappeared from the American scene, probably because we have grown accustomed to leisure in this country. If a man feels like lying on a creek bank and pulling his hat over his eyes and going to sleep, or simply lying there thinking his own long thoughts, he doesn't need an excuse. Thoreau described a Philosophical Fisherman perfectly when he wrote of an old man he remembered from his childhood: "His fishing was not a sport, nor solely a means of subsistence, but a sort of solemn sacrament and withdrawal from the world, just as the aged read their Bibles."

My own grandfather, bless him, was a Philosophical Fisherman and was well on the way to brainwashing me into becoming one until a three-pound black bass, obviously bent on suicide, impaled itself on my hook when I was 6 years old. My grandfather probably became a Philosophical Fisherman because he had nine children and his stern and dutiful Methodist conscience wouldn't allow him simply to leave the house to seek some peace and quiet when they became noisy. Instead he equipped himself with a couple of cane poles and started fishing. The poles were warped and brittle and cracked at the joints by the time I came along. Grandfather never took his own children fishing, but he didn't seem to mind having me along, probably because I

was an impressionable child and believed him implicitly when he warned that if I didn't sit stone-still, not talking, not even breathing too hard, there was not the slightest chance of a fish coming near.

I had from the beginning a vague feeling something was peculiar about my grandfather's fishing. Other people who went to the same little lake sometimes caught sun perch or even a bass or two. We never caught a fish and one day I thought I spotted the cause. My grandfather used enormous hooks, big enough to gag a tarpon, and for some reason he used biscuit dough for bait.

"I believe our hooks are too big, Grandfather," I said.

Grandfather looked at me reproachfully. "If a fish isn't big enough to swallow them," he said, "then it's not big enough to bother with."

My grandfather fished for 60 years, established a firm reputation as an enthusiastic fisherman with his family, neighbors and co-workers, but as far as I can determine, caught only two fish.

Although they are not going to like the classification, most fishermen are Meat Fishermen. I am a Meat Fisherman and proud of it. For being a Meat Fisherman does not mean that a man wantonly destroys fish, fishes for profit, or even necessarily eats his fish or confines his angling to those that are good to eat. It simply means that his primary purpose in fishing is to *catch* fish, which has always seemed to me to be as pleasurable a goal as it is a sensible one. No one can deny that there is a certain pleasure to be derived even from attempting to catch fish but, learned commentators notwithstanding, the greatest thrill in fishing comes when a man succeeds. It is a mistake to assume that Meat Fishermen do not like to catch fish the hard way. Most fishing records are held by Meat Fishermen, because landing a fish is the only goal they consider worthwhile. Meat Fishermen usually are the best fishermen, for they are not taken in by the nonsense that fish have to be outwitted, although they realize that fish have to be catered to.

To be a truly happy Meat Fisherman, of course, one must find a place where there are plenty of fish. I was lucky enough to establish a record of sorts in this respect some seven years ago when my wife and I, look-

ing for an isolated spot where I could finish a novel, took a house at Punta Rassa, Fla. Although we didn't know it at the time, this tiny little community on the west coast of Florida, at the mouth of the Caloosahatchee River, is surrounded by some of the finest fishing waters in the U.S.

Punta Rassa was for centuries the site of an Indian village; the Spanish established a fishery there in the 16th century, but contemporary history has since bypassed the place. It had its first short fling back in the 1850s when millionaire anglers flocked there from all parts of the country to stay at a sportsmen's hotel, the Tarpon House. Punta Rassa had, and still has, probably more tarpon per cubic foot of water than any place on earth.

Punta Rassa remained a sportsmen's paradise until well into this century. When the old Tarpon House burned in 1906 it was replaced by a new and grander one, but in 1913 that one, too, was destroyed by fire. After that, for some unaccountable reason, Punta Rassa's famed fishing waters seem to have been forgotten.

Punta Rassa is the first place to fish I have ever known. I recently decided to keep a tally on the fish I encountered between 3 p.m. and 8:30 p.m. I had the joy of hooking into and fighting—but not landing—two large tarpon, of catching a 12-pound snook, two trout weighing slightly more than three pounds each, nine amberjacks and one flounder, hooking into one shark (size unknown, but obviously too large to hold on a six-pound test line, so I promptly sacrificed a leader) and laboriously landing a 40-pound ray. In addition, I had to duck on two occasions when schools of skittish pompano, frightened by my boat, showered around me. One little half-pounder struck me in the back and fell into the boat.

Except for the tarpon I hooked while trolling and using medium-weight tarpon tackle, all these fish were caught on a light spinning rod, six-pound test line and a No. 3 spoon. As the mixed bag indicates, I was moving about a great deal, trying to see what a variety of fish I could raise. I caught the snook cruising off an oyster bar, the rest while drifting over grass flats. Punta Rassa is pure heaven for a Meat Fisherman.

Not so long ago I was standing near the ferry slip at Punta Rassa, counting the snook lined up in the



shade of the pilings like submarine formations, when a family that looked as if it had been dreamed up by Norman Rockwell arrived in a car with New Hampshire license plates. The mother and the father and a small boy of about 12 piled out with spinning rods and began casting at the foot of the slip while they waited for a ferry. After a while the boy wandered over near where I was standing. Like too many spinners, he had learned the technique of casting without really understanding what a lure was supposed to do. He obviously had the notion that getting it out and back was all there is to fishing.

Finally I said, "What are you trying to catch, son?"

"Anything," he said.

"I know where some fish are," I said, "but they'll break that gut leader for sure. You need a wire leader when you fish around pilings."

"This is more sporting," he said, obviously parroting someone who didn't know how to fish either.

I pointed to the opening between the first two pilings of the ferry slip. "See if you can put your spoon under there."

Almost immediately after the boy's cast I saw that tight and swift little swirl of water a snook makes when he takes something and heads away.

"Watch yourself," I warned. But the boy already was receiving the message. His rod was clutched tightly in both hands and his reel was whining softly as the line spun off. "Reel in," I said. The boy was frozen, mouth agape in wonder and awe. "Hey," he said, in protest.

"Your reel—wind your reel," I said.

"Hey," he said again, in that awed tone of protest.

I reached to help him but it already was too late. "Hey!" he shouted one more time. But the snook had wrapped the line around the piling as neatly as a butcher ties up a chop. It gave one lunge and the line parted.

I heard the boy talking to his mother later. "It was this long," he kept saying excitedly, holding his arms at full length. I don't know whether he'll make a fisherman or not, but he helped prove a point for me. Even an idiot child can hook fish in Punta Rassa.

END

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# FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

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**BASKETBALL**—WILT CHAMBERLAIN, expelled from a five-month retirement with a three-year contract that guarantees he will remain the highest-paid athlete in sports, rejoined the Philadelphia Warriors. As a rookie, Chamberlain broke almost every previous record, and last March after claiming he was local point of roughness tamer, he hit return Chamberlain said: "Everybody felt it would be better for me and I could do more good for my race if I played rather than retired."

**BOATING**—FRED OLSEN of Norway took the International Ice Design class world sailing championship, 21 1/2 points to 28 1/2, in close duet with Werner Wilcox of U.S., at Bantock, Norway. ENGLAND retained British American University sailing trophy by winning, five races to one, over U.S. Andrews, at Chichester. **BOXING**—VALENTINE BOWELL, 35-year-old former from Wales, after 64 days at sea (with six days rest) returned to Liverpool, sailed late Nov. aboard his 25-foot boat, Eira, the fourth man to complete the singlehanded race across Atlantic, leaving only Juan Lorenzo of France and a Irish Second and third behind when Francis Chichester broke mass passage in 40 days. Colonel Buddy Bader, who took 48 days, and Dr. David Lewis, who took 54.

**BOXING**—FLOYD PATTERSON, in first step on an exhibition tour of 84 cities, won a bout of 40-00 in Stockton, punched three aspirants for a round upset, then worked two rounds with younger brother Ray. **EDDIE PERKINS**, eager for a crack at the lightweight title, barreled his way to an aggressive 2-round TKO over former No. 1 contender Jerry Lopez, at Chicago. **GEORGE LOGAN**, 16-year-old son of a Wall Street broker, beat knockout, 10-0, at Las Vegas. **PELON CERVANTES**, Mexican, closed a split decision over Lee Chestnut, lightweight, Los Angeles.

**FOOTBALL**—BALTIMORE COLTS, the huge, leading NFL champions for the past two years, topped with the College All-Stars before 50,000 at Soldier Field in Chicago, won 27 as the redskins powered through their pass and the colts—out to make a dramatic impression on Coach Woody Stroger—blasted through and over the four defenses. Marked by a strong defensive squad that held Coach Otto Graham's team to 21 yards on the ground and 148 in the air, quarterback Johnny Unitas threw three touchdown passes to drive Red Bullback Kenzie Moore, while Steve Myer, fullback, kicked a 36-yard field goal, 38-28, and 27-yard line, converted for those points after touchdowns, stunned up 4-10 back. (A good war!)

**GOLF**—UNITED STATES came from behind to defeat Canada 21 1/2 to 28 for its fifth straight victory in America Cup amateur competition against Canada and Mexico at Ottawa. Training Canada, by a point, Donna Betts, paired with Jack Nicklaus, discovered a club too much on his side, reported on himself and featured five holes in the alternate-stroke strokes, putting the U.S. further behind. But then Nicklaus won two long matches, Betts one and Don Cherry two to give the U.S. its victory. **JUDY DAIRLING** of Canada dropped a 6-foot putt, parred the last hole of the Canadian Women's Open championship to defeat Miss Frank Brannan of Yukon, who led after the last hole after she had drawn even with an eagle on the 55th hole, at Saint John, N.B.

**HARNESS RACING**—SILVER BONG (\$13,400) came from last place to win the \$50,000 American Trotting Championship and the right to represent the U.S. in the International Trot on Aug. 29 at Beersville (see page 45). **COUNTRESS ADAMS** (\$2,800) breezed home two lengths ahead of Major Goetz in \$15,000 American National Pace at Beersville. Park set her 10th race in 11 starts. The Countess covered the mile in 2:00 2/5 track record for 3-year-olds with Col. Miller as the mule. **ADAMS BUTLER** (\$3), the \$91,000 Liberty Bell Pace, by 1 1/2 lengths over Turf Boy, 1 in 1:58 4/5, at Washington, D.C. **Edna** (\$25), driver. **BYE BYE BYE** set a world's record for three-year-olds (1:56 1/5) at Illinois State Fair. The 3-year-old mare took 1:56 1/5, 1:56 2/5, 1:56 3/5, 1:56 4/5, 1:56 5/5, 1:56 6/5, 1:56 7/5, 1:56 8/5, 1:56 9/5, 1:56 10/5, 1:56 11/5, 1:56 12/5, 1:56 13/5, 1:56 14/5, 1:56 15/5, 1:56 16/5, 1:56 17/5, 1:56 18/5, 1:56 19/5, 1:56 20/5, 1:56 21/5, 1:56 22/5, 1:56 23/5, 1:56 24/5, 1:56 25/5, 1:56 26/5, 1:56 27/5, 1:56 28/5, 1:56 29/5, 1:56 30/5, 1:56 31/5, 1:56 32/5, 1:56 33/5, 1:56 34/5, 1:56 35/5, 1:56 36/5, 1:56 37/5, 1:56 38/5, 1:56 39/5, 1:56 40/5, 1:56 41/5, 1:56 42/5, 1:56 43/5, 1:56 44/5, 1:56 45/5, 1:56 46/5, 1:56 47/5, 1:56 48/5, 1:56 49/5, 1:56 50/5, 1:56 51/5, 1:56 52/5, 1:56 53/5, 1:56 54/5, 1:56 55/5, 1:56 56/5, 1:56 57/5, 1:56 58/5, 1:56 59/5, 1:56 60/5, 1:56 61/5, 1:56 62/5, 1:56 63/5, 1:56 64/5, 1:56 65/5, 1:56 66/5, 1:56 67/5, 1:56 68/5, 1:56 69/5, 1:56 70/5, 1:56 71/5, 1:56 72/5, 1:56 73/5, 1:56 74/5, 1:56 75/5, 1:56 76/5, 1:56 77/5, 1:56 78/5, 1:56 79/5, 1:56 80/5, 1:56 81/5, 1:56 82/5, 1:56 83/5, 1:56 84/5, 1:56 85/5, 1:56 86/5, 1:56 87/5, 1:56 88/5, 1:56 89/5, 1:56 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## BASEBALL'S WEEK

by ROGER WILLIAMS

AMERICAN LEAGUE

the New York Yankees had a rough week. Mickey Mantle was thrown out of a game by Casey Stengel for not running out a ground ball. "Who does he think he is?" fumed Stengel. "If he don't run he don't play here." Despite a three-hit shutout of the Senators, Whitby Ford was unhappy. "I don't have the curve I had four or five years ago," he said. "I get two strikes now and I still have to work to get the guy out." To top it all, the Yankees blew an eight-hour double-header, fell to third. The *Baltimore Orioles* showed the poise of the Pirates and the power of the Braves. They won two games in the ninth inning, two more on timely home runs (for a total of 16 in six games). No one quite believed the Orioles, but Manager Richards was girding for the stretch drive. He made Hoyt Wilhelm a permanent party in the bullpen, announced he would use eight starting pitchers. Although his *Chicago White Sox* played streaky ball, President Bill Veeck remained confident. Veeck broke an unusually long silence to proclaim: "We'll win this pennant without any trouble. I say the Yankees will fold and we'll win by five games." A tiring Nellie Fox began slowing down in the field, but Manager Lopez was not ready to break his consecutive game streak—781, longest of any active player. The *Cleveland Indians* had Jim Perry and little else. While the team faded away, Perry won two more games (he had four of the Indians' last five victories), made his record a league-leading 15-5. The *Washington Senators'* Harmon Killebrew was hitting like '39 and then some. Killebrew won two games

**TEAM LEADERS: HOME RUNS**

AMERICAN LEAGUE						
NY	Mets	35	Mantle	27	Silverman	23
Balt	Giants	17	Musso	14	Rabun	13
Chi	Seas	23	France	13	Waco	12
Clev	Herd	15	Perrelli	14	Reano	12
Wash	Lions	22	Kalishew	17	Adams	12
Det	Calavito	22	Mawell	17	Cash	12
Rep	Williams	21	Wertz	15	Malslate	11
WC	Sullivan	12	Thompson	9	Cox	9

## NATIONAL LEAGUE

FOR	Skinner	13	Steel	13	3 tied with	9
STL	Ryer	25	White	14	Spanoth	13
IND	Aaron	30	Matthews	25	Azopik	19
LA	Howard	18	Snider	12	Moon	14
SF	Mays	22	Cepeda	19	Kuykend	12
CIN	Robinson	20	Past	14	Fryant	10
PHI	Martinez	15	DelGraco	8	Walters	8
CHC	Rucker	32	Thomas	27	Alman	10

with homers, drove in 43 runs. More significantly, pull-hitting Harmon took a sudden liking to outside pitches, began finding the gaps in right and right center. New Manager Joe Gordon had little success with his **Detroit Tigers**: six losses in his first seven games. Gordon made one definite departure from the Dykes regime. He used ace starter Frank Ray in relief, announced he would not hesitate to do so again. The **Boston Red Sox's** Ted Williams hit three homers in two games to take third place among the alltime home run hitters. Ted threw a champagne party for startled Boston newsmen, said this would be his last season. Given a five pig for luck, the **Kansas City Athletics's** pork-chop-loving Bud Daley finally couched through to his 13th victory.

Standings: Chi 65-67, Balt 66-67, NY 62-65, Wash 66-66, Cleve 53-56, Det 65-66, Bos 62-60, KC 61-60

**RUNS PRODUCED**

AMERICAN LEAGUE	Runs Scored	Teammates Batted In*	Total Runs Produced
Mets, NY (204)	81	59	140
Maroon, Chi (218)	65	65	130
Mantle, NY (272)	91	39	130
Savonar, Chi (312)	67	48	115
Fox, Chi (270)	63	50	113
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Maye, ST (237)	69	53	122
Aaron, Mo (285)	76	54	130
Barker, Chi (238)	66	59	125
Bogert, STL (285)	72	52	124
Hawthorn, Mo (248)	70	49	119

<sup>a</sup> Derived by subtracting HFs from NRZs.

### NATIONAL LEAGUE

The air at the Pittsburgh Pirates-San Louis Cardinals meeting was thick with "crucial series" tension. "We're in town," said Card Manager Hemus, "to flatten the Firsties like a rug." The rug turned out to be a flying carpet. Losers of the first two games, Pittsburgh flooded through the remaining three to win the big series and take another giant stride toward the pennant. Buried in the excitement: an ominous decision to end beer consumption at Forbes Field. Would there be last rites for the brew? "Certainly not," huffed General Manager Mo Brown. "There's nothing funny about this. It had to come, just for the peace of mind of all good citizens." **Mifewanker Braves** Manager Charley Dressen suffered through the taunts of newsmen ("Dressen is sure to finish five games ahead of the Braves") and the fumbling of his own fielders. Then jittery Charley made a right move. He struck handyman Mel Roach at second



YESTERDAY'S HEROES were stars again. Don Larsen won his first game since June 1959; Harmon Killebrew hit five homers.

base, watched him knock in six runs, win two straight games against the Giants. The **Los Angeles Dodgers** ran out of home runs (one in eight games) and their good pitching couldn't keep them above fourth place. Don Drysdale, the barometer of Dodgers up and down, failed to finish his third start in a row, but fast-coming Sandy Koufax looked sharp. Thebumbling **San Francisco Giants** blew leads in five straight games, fell below .500 for the first time since moving West. Some Giants wanted to be traded—not only to escape the sinking ship but because they were bypassed for the post-season jaunt the club will make to Japan. Sprinkled with rookies, the **Cincinnati Reds** looked their best in three months. They won two from the Giants, three from the Dodgers, gained on fifth place. Relief help came from Jim Breesnan and Marshall Bridges, while young fireballer Jim Maloney and aging Cal McLish turned in strong starts. The **Philadelphia Phillies'** rookies were lively, too, but somewhat less successful. They blundered on the bases, failed to hit in the clutches, lost eight out of nine games (five by one run). Manager Gene Mauch, himself just 34, remained compassionate. "These kids break your heart," he sighed, "then thrill you to death. You just can't be too patient with them." Ernie Banks lifted the **Chicago Cubs** from their winless plight. Shaking a slump, he hit three homers and the club took seventh.

Standards: Pft 58-62, Sil 63-66, Mf 60-67, LA 58-65, Sf 52-55, Ca 56-61, Qm 62-66, Pml 63-66

**TEAM LEADERS: PITCHING**

AMERICAN LEAGUE					
NY Ostar	10-7	Costen	6-3	Ford	8-7
Balt Etrude	10-6	Pappas	10-8	Wilhelm	9-6
Cle Stanley	11-5	Pence	10-7	Shaw	11-6
Clev Perry	10-5	Neil	5-0	Glanz	7-5
Wash Pussies	10-6	Stobbs	6-6	Karnes	8-11
Det Lucy	10-12	Alous	7-8	Swearing	7-8
Chi White Sox	12-5	Gruck	7-4	Brewer	7-10

NATIONAL LEAGUE

NH	Law	16-3	Frisol	12-9	Macell	3-5
SHL	Broglio	14-5	Jackolan	13-9	McDaniel	16-3
MW	Spahn	13-7	Bardelle	12-7	Skull	13-6
LA	Williams	12-4	Podetz	10-8	Grysdale	16-12
SF	Jones	13-12	McCurmack	15-8	Stanford	9-11
CA	Farley	18-7	O'Boyle	10-30	Hook	9-12
Phil	Farrill	9-4	Roberts	8-10	Conley	7-8
Ch	Webber	10-16	Dolan	6-5	Anderson	8-9

Board adjourns through Saturday, Aug. 14

# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## DYING WITH DICK

Sirs:

What can I say of the story on Dick Groat (*Head Men in a Hurry*, Aug. 8)?

As president of the Roanoke chapter of the Pittsburgh Chowder and Marching Society, I am currently living and dying with the Pirates and Dick Groat.

The Dick Groat of the sports world are so few and far between that they are worthy of special mention, as your Roy Terrell has proved so beautifully.

Back in the days when Dick was the star of and I was the statistician for the Duke basketball team, there never was any question who stayed late after practice to perfect his jump shot, which was to become the best in the college field.

Dick Groat is the finest team man I know; not the greatest athlete, mind you, or the man with the most physical ability, but the man more than any other who could beat you.

BILL BRILL

Roanoke, Va.

Sirs:

Just one more of a long list of masterfully written articles.

H. M. LOVERBOY

Columbia, S.C.

## BACK TO RELAXATION

Sirs:

"Sixty years ago (Mann says) the breaststroke was the swimming stroke many instructors taught to beginners" (*Track Year Child in Swim*, July 25).

I think we should go back 60 years and start teaching breaststroke again. The present-day practice of teaching the crawl as a basic stroke to anybody, regardless of ability, brings startlingly poor results. Kids who "graduate" from such classes can thrash around wildly in a poor imitation of the crawl for one or two pool lengths, then they quit exhausted. A few talented individuals will go on to make teams and win prizes, but the majority will not even learn to enjoy swimming or be safe in the water.

Listen to Mann: "The breaststroke is an easy action, very conducive to relaxation . . . it is a downright restful way to move through water."

I thought so, too. My two boys who are "summer swimmers" (like the great majority of us) can easily swim half a mile using the breaststroke without exhausting themselves.

Let's go back to the breaststroke as the basic, and make the crawl an advanced course.

ANDREW EBERHARDT

Evanson, Ill.

● Coach Mann sees no reason to turn back the clock: "After 55 years of teaching swimming, from beginners

to Olympic champions, I say that the crawl stroke which I teach beginners is much easier to learn than any other stroke." At Mann's camp this summer, 195 out of 120 boys learned to swim a mile with the crawl.—ED.

## CORRECTION (GULP)

Sirs:

Penny Baker is a man. You set water sking back 10 years showing a picture of a girl (*Faces in the Crowd*, Aug. 8). Now everybody thinks a man who jumps 100 feet is a piker. Best a woman ever jumped in competition is 89 feet, by Nancie Rideout.

DALE ST. JOHN

Pall River Mills, Calif.



PENNY BAKER

● Although no picture of a girl ever hurt water sking, Penny Baker, the 18-year-old from Austin, Texas who set the new world mark of 159 feet, is very much a man.—ED.

## TOUR DE FORCE

Sirs:

I would like to second Olympic trial winner Bob Tetzlaff's distaste for the ridiculous number of cyclists entered in the trials in New York (*Tour de Paris Central*, Aug. 1). This problem of overcrowding starting chutes has been plaguing important racing events for years.

Surely the best man cannot be expected to win when victory rests so heavily on escaping accident or injury.

PHIL JUTRAS

Manchester, N.H.

Sirs:

Congratulations on all the cycling news you have been printing lately. With inter-

est such as this we may someday be able to hold all bike races out in the open instead of in secret at shift-changing time.

D. EVANS

Redondo Beach, Calif.

## THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE

Sirs:

The only community-owned hydroplane in the world, with over 14,000 racing fans all over the U.S. holding a financial interest, and you left her name out of the field that battled each other so valiantly in Seattle's Seafair (*I Will Drive Like I Drive*, Aug. 8)!

The successful unlimiteds are either owned by large corporations or wealthy individuals who can spend many thousands on their big boats. But isn't there some consideration for *Miss Spokane*, a hydro whose shares are even held by children?

The Seattle Seafair trophy race could be the last race for the *Lolet Lady*, better known as *Miss Spokane*. Sink or swim, this boat has held the hearts of Inland Empire fans for several years. No trophies or cash awards have been won by her. But in recognition of a crew which has labored only for the love of this boat and of the thousands who gave to support her, you could have mentioned *Miss Spokane*.

VERNE W. ENOS

Spokane

● There's life in the old lady yet; see page 48.—ED.

## NO EASY RIDES

Sirs:

I have just finished reading Allee Higgins' article on Trish Galvin (*The Debutante Miss Trish*, July 25), and find myself wishing I hadn't. Frankly, I found it disgusting. To destroy an animal for high spirits or lack of discipline is to me the low point of sportsmanship. A few weeks ago you printed a wonderful article on the old veteran Andante (*Best Jumping*, June 20). I seem to recall that she put several people in the hospital and even in her later years was not what one could call an "easy ride." How fortunate it is that her early owners had the humility to realize that a different approach or personality might be all that would be needed. But then a good horseman doesn't mind a horse being pointed out as one he couldn't handle.

I saw not one word mentioning *Miss Galvin's* ability to break and train her own horse. This is really the only criterion for great horsemanship.

MRS. DAVID G. STONE

Fernandina Beach, Fla.

● Trish Galvin has been training her own horses since she was 15.—ED.

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C. D. Jackson, Publisher

# USHER'S

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## PAT ON THE BACK



THE KIEFER FAMILY

## *'Until she can win'*

Adolph Kiefer of Chicago broke his first world backstroke record at 17, and in a dozen years of competition added a poolful of world and national championships. At 42, Kiefer and his wife Joyce are raising four youngsters who may set some comparable swimming records themselves. Shown above are Joyce Kiefer, Adolph, Gail, 9, Jack, 14, Kathy, 12, and Dale, 16.

Kiefer believes a serious competitor must swim at least 3,000 miles (about 3,000 practice hours) to develop a style. "You're not competing," he says, "but you're developing technique." His own children train three hours each morning, again each night.

In their own age groups, the youngsters have already developed winning ways. Dale was twice Illinois individual medley champion, third nationally in this event for 200 meters. Jack, who has won four firsts in national meets, set a 100-meter-backstroke record of 1:08.3. Only Kathy has had to settle for seconds and thirds ("She's a tender," says her mother. "Three books a weekend.").

So far, 9-year-old Gail has not done any competitive swimming. But, Kiefer predicts, "She's the one with real natural ability. She looks terrific." Adds Mrs. Kiefer: "Gail says she's not going to start until she can win."



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